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5 o'clock
HATS
page 27

THROUGH BRITISH EYES

- Australian girls take taxis for granted . . .
- We expect to be dined and danced several times a week . . .
- We look covetously at the champagne on the next table and inquiringly at our host . . .

Compliments and criticisms for Australian girls

By
ANNA
CLARK

THESE are some of our faults, according to a shipload of British servicemen who summed up Australian girls for me before they left for home.

There are other criticisms, too. They say—

We admire the orchids on the other women, and our looks ask: "Why can't I have orchids, too?"

We have lost some of the fresh ingenueness which is our natural heritage for a semi-sophistication which is phony.

"It is regrettable," they told me, "that Australian girls have acquired American accents far more easily than English accents and turns of phrase."

Englishmen think the Yanks spoil many girls with their lavish spending. In consequence these girls look for a standard of entertainment that the ordinary British serviceman cannot afford.

Like a little girl who leaves the icing on her cake till the last, I have kept the nice things the British boys think of us till now.

"Don't worry, girls . . . We'll all be back soon."

This was the last thing I heard as I stood on the wharf waving goodbye and good luck to almost 3000 British Navy, Army, and Air Force men as the big ship drew slowly out on her way to England.



BRITISH SERVICEMEN say that Australian girls take taxis for granted—

It was delivered spontaneously in more different accents than the wide variety of English uniforms crowding the tiers of decks.

And it was delivered to the hundred Australian girls standing on the wharf, waving unhappily to their own special heart-stealers.

The assurance cheered them up considerably, for they knew that although the promise could not be carried out to the letter, at least, it was heartfelt at the time, and perhaps their "specials" really did mean it.

Actually, I knew better just how deep it did go, because I had talked to dozens of men on the ship before she sailed, asking them: "What do you think of Australian girls?"

Quite frankly, girls, the nice things they think about us would fill a book.



AND they gaze enviously at champagne on the next table—

The odds are overwhelmingly in our favor.

And this is what they told me before I had provoked them into criticism:

Australian girls are much better-looking on the average than English girls.

We make the most of ourselves, and take more care over details.

"You look like little goddesses to the weary traveller and war-frayed male," one R.N. lieutenant appraised.

"The Perth girls, particularly, are lovely—even prettier than the girls in the Eastern States."

Beautiful figures

OUR legs are "superb," our figures beautiful, and we carry ourselves like Venuses—as if we appreciate the importance of good poise.

On the matter of clothes, they think summer is our smartest season.

"Your frocks are so pretty, and you have so many. If you shortened them a couple of inches you would look even smarter. At the same time you would exhibit your beautiful legs . . ."

We are gay, intelligent, ingenious. We are warm-hearted, affectionate, entertaining. Without being witty, we have a good sense of humor and one of nonsense.

We are flirtatious. "And that's fine when it's concentrated on the man you are out with. Not so fine when it is directed at somebody over your shoulder on the dance floor. Or at the handsomer type in the next seat at the theatre," a leading telegraphist, R.N., submitted.

We are good hostesses, making a



BUT they have superb legs, and should wear their dresses shorter.

party or gathering "go" by our instinctive talents at entertaining.

We are good cooks, good housekeepers, on the whole more domesticated than English girls. We are practical.

To one lieutenant-commander, R.N.R., the most important thing about us is the fact that we eat when taken out for a meal.

"You Australian girls are not

afraid of your figures or your manners, if anyone could call eating a good meal bad manners. It is most refreshing to dine an appreciative eater."

We are not self-conscious with men. We talk to and behave with them in a frank, natural way.

"You don't giggle self-consciously and unsurely when you are being taken out by a man," an R.A.F. boy said.

"A picnic, a movie, a dance, or a concert—you enjoy each and all the diversions equally."

"Your camaraderie is wonderful."

This feeling was shared by every man with whom I talked.

But a group of Yorkshire lads turned their backs on Australia's girls, and said:

"Still, it will be wonderful to get home and see the English girls again."

Film Star Glamour—

Just arrived from America, a ravishing new Spring Colour.

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SHE'S THE BOSS

By . . .
ELIZABETH YOUNG

Had known her since the days when girls wore stockings, young men planned careers, and steaks were two inches thick. They had travelled in the same crowd and sat in on the same night course at the Art Centre. Once, at a Christmas party, he had kissed her—briefly, under the mistletoe. In view of these facts, he opened the office door without knocking.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, sticking his head inside. "Does the Number Six bus stop here?"

Liz Jordan looked up from her desk, and then came toward him with outstretched hands. "Bill!" she marvelled, "Bill Douglas."

"How are you, Liz?" he grinned, clasping her hands warmly.

"Bill Douglas," she repeated, her voice still filled with amazement.

"Mind if I sit down?"

Sprawling in the nearest chair, he watched her cross the room and perch on a corner of the desk.

"You're looking mighty sharp, Miss J."

"Thanks," she said. "You look pretty good yourself, William. But where's the sailor suit—at the cleaners'?"

He shook his head. "All gone. I got careless one day and walked into a piece of shrapnel. So they fired me." Seeing the expression on her face, he elaborated hastily: "Oh, they were nice about it. Built me a brand-new chest, and pinned a medal on it before they gave me my discharge. But no more uniforms."

Liz's fingers curled round the edge of the desk. Her eyes were wide and suddenly bright. "Why, Bill," she began, and then stopped and swallowed.

Bill shifted nervously in his chair. He hoped she wasn't going to pull a Marianne on him. He'd been more or less prepared for Marianne's reaction. She was the emotional type, anyway. But for Liz Jordan to play it heavy—

He changed the subject quickly. "I'm looking for a job, Liz. You're head of the art department here. I thought you might be able to fix me up."

She looked at him quizzically. "Why should a cartoonist want a job—and in a department store, of all places?" she said.

"I don't want a job. What I want is to marry a quick trick, name of Marianne Marsh, and go off on an extended honeymoon. I want to relax and have some fun for a change. But the lady of my heart says that a marriage begun so frivolously couldn't possibly last. Furthermore, she won't marry me until I have a steady job. In her estimation, freelance cartooning ranks with playing the slot machines as a way to earn a living. Ergo, I seek employment."

"She must be quite a girl. Do you think she'll let you smoke after you're married?"

"Oh, now wait a minute," Bill protested. "I don't want you to get the wrong impression. There's nothing domineering about Marianne. She's the kind of girl you want to take care of—young and sweet, and lovely to look at. It's just that she feels marriage is a very solemn business, and I have to humor her for the time being. Naturally, I'll be the one who makes the decisions once we're married."

"Naturally," Liz said. She slid to her feet and stood looking down at him. "I think you're a king-size dope, William, but if you're determined to become a wage slave you can dissipate your talents right here. I've been howling for an assistant

for weeks, and all Personnel has produced so far are characters who think art gum is something you chew."

Bill jumped up, grinning broadly. "Sold to the gentleman in the red tie. I knew I could count on you, Liz. When do I start?"

"To-morrow morning at nine."

"Assistant to the head of the art department at F. L. Kinsler and Sons." Bill was shrugging on his coat. "A title like that ought to impress anyone—even Marianne. His brown eyes clouded momentarily.

"You understand, don't you, that I probably won't keep the job very long? It just depends on how soon I can persuade Marianne to go off on that honeymoon. If you'd rather wait until you can find someone who—"

"I understand," Liz smiled. "It will be nice having you round even for a short while, Bill." She gave him a small push in the direction of the door. "Scram," she commanded. "I'm a busy woman, even though I don't look same."

Going down in the elevator, Bill whistled softly to himself. He hailed a cab and gave the driver the Marshes' address. Marianne, he reflected placidly, was going to be overwhelmed when she heard the news.

The Marshes' apartment was on the eighteenth floor, overlooking the park. Hattie, the second maid, ushered Bill into the living-room with the assurance that Miss Marianne would join him as soon as she finished dressing.

Sitting down at the piano, he strummed out a four-finger version of "Come Out, Wherever You Are."

Marianne appeared in the middle of the second chorus. "Billy," she cried in a soft little voice, "I'm so sorry. I didn't expect you so early."

"Hi, baby," Bill said, abandoning the keyboard. "Did the other guy leave peaceably?" He took her in his arms and kissed her, but carefully because he knew she didn't like to have her hair mussed. "I am a bearer of glad tidings—practically exuberant tidings, as a matter of fact." He pulled her down on the piano bench beside him. "I have a job."

"Billy, you haven't! Why, I thought from the way you acted last night—"

"That was last night. To-day I decided to act like a man who wanted a job. And it worked."

"How perfectly wonderful of you. Oh, Billy, I was beginning to be afraid you wouldn't ever settle down, even for me." Marianne's face was glowing. "Tell me all about it," she demanded satisfyingly. "What kind of a job is it? Where are you going to work?"

"I'm assistant to the head of the art department at F. L. Kinsler and Sons." He rolled it out, and waited for further words of approbation.

"I'm sure you'll enjoy being here, Bill," said Marianne haughtily.



Instead there was silence. He turned his head. Marianne was staring at her lap. "Isn't that wonderful?" he prompted.

"Yes. Yes, of course. Only—" she looked up at him and he could see that she was disturbed—"only I thought you meant a real job, in a business. I think you ought to forget all about drawing, Billy dear, for the sake of our future. Howard does, too. He said just the other day that a feeling of security is very important in rehabilitation, and that art, even commercial art, is a risky source of income."

Bill straightened up abruptly. "Who is Howard? And whatever gave him the idea that I need rehabilitating?"

"Howard Bigelow, the psychiatrist. He's been analysing mother for years. He's terribly smart," she went on earnestly, "even though he is young. We've had several long talks, and he says the best way for a returning serviceman to make a satis-

factory adjustment is for him to get a steady job doing worth-while work."

Bill ploughed his sandy hair with long, restless fingers. The knowledge that Marianne had discussed him with a psychiatrist was giving him the first twinge of insecurity that he had ever experienced.

"You tell your friend Howard that his carburettor should be adjusted as well as I am," he said. He gripped her hands firmly. "Look, Marianne, I took this job to please you, and I was lucky to get it. Executive positions don't grow on trees. I wish you—"

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you mean it's more than just drawing pictures? You'll be an executive?"

"Well—in a way," he modified hastily. Seeing the look of pleasure on her face, he decided to let the "just drawing pictures" pass and press home his advantage. "Now that I'm a solid citizen, respectfully

employed, how about picking a wedding day?"

Marianne's lips parted slightly and a dreamy look crept into her eyes. Bill decided all over again that she was the loveliest little creature he had ever seen. Gazing at her, he thought of words like "adore" and "cherish" without embarrassment.

"—about the middle of June," Marianne was saying.

"June!" Bill exploded. "Why, that's five months away. Don't be silly, baby. What are you doing next week?"

Marianne looked aggrieved. "But, dearest, I've always dreamed of being a June bride. Besides, we'll be lucky if we can find a house and have it ready to move into in five months." She moved closer and rested her head on his shoulder. "It isn't as though just any house would do for us, Billy. We'll probably have to look and look before we find the perfect little nest."

When Bill Douglas, foot-loose, apartment-dwelling bachelor, late of Salpan, broke surface for the third time, he managed a weak "Yes, dear." His design for living did not include anything that even remotely resembled a little nest. But this was hardly an auspicious time to break the news to Marianne. He'd wait a week or so, he decided, until he was well established at Kinsler's.

He gave Marianne a quick hug. "Get your coat, baby. I'm going to buy you the best dinner in town to celebrate this momentous occasion."

Bill walked into Liz Jordan's office promptly at nine the next morning. His eyebrows shot up at the sight of Liz at her desk, looking as though she had already been there for hours.

"Morning, chief. You must be early, because I'm not late."

Please turn to page 15



She waited breathlessly, clutching the box, as Tom read his telegram.

Wedding Cake

By ALICE MEANS REEVE

reason for being there was to marry Gwen.

Candy forced herself to walk over to him and said, with a nonchalance she didn't feel, "Hi, sergeant, remember me?"

Maybe it was because he had to look down from such a height that he didn't recognise her at first, all done up in her blue gabardine suit. Then a slow grin replaced the blank look on his tanned face, and he said, "Well, if it isn't the Candy Kid! No wonder I didn't recognise you, though—I've never seen you in anything but an apron before! What are you doing here, anyway?"

"Waiting at the church, just like you."

"Well, where is Gwen?" he exploded.

"I don't know. We haven't roomed together for a month. She moved to San Francisco, and I still have the Berkeley apartment. I was going to get another room-mate, but—"

"But you decided to get married!" he said. "Boy, what a cook he's getting! I'll never forget those dinners you used to cook when I came to see Gwen. Hey, by the way, who is the lucky guy?"

"Jim Quigly—a corporal."

"Don't know him," Tom said. Then he looked at his watch. "If she doesn't hurry," he muttered, "my leave'll be all used up! What time you being married?"

"Four o'clock," stammered Candy, that panicky feeling clutching her throat again like clammy fingers.

"Four o'clock!" he yelled. "That's the time Gwen and I were going to be married — and it's twenty-five minutes to five now!"

Candy felt sick. Deserted at the altar! She wished she had a fox-hole or just any hole to crawl into. Maybe she'd pick up her bags and walk out the next time Tom's back was turned.

And then a tired voice called from the doorway. "Any you folks named Barrett or Williams?"

Tom and Candy whirled round. The boy handed a telegram to each of them.

A minute later Tom said, "Hey, this telegram isn't for me!" and handed it to Candy. Then he saw her face and said, "Oh, gosh, Candy! I read it. Gee, I'm sorry—the hell!"

Candy took it numbly and handed him the one she had just read. "Gwen must be crazy," she said, "marrying a sailor when she could have you!"

She knew what her telegram said even before she read it. Then she picked up her box with the cake in it. Clutching it, she waited breathlessly while Tom read his telegram. She saw a bleakness come into his face.

Suddenly he grabbed her arm and said, "Let's get out of here!"

They hurried from the little chapel in silence. They were walking

a dusty road when Candy stopped and said, "I'm sorry, but I've got to rest a minute. These new shoes are killing me. You go on—wherever you're going—I'll be all right."

Tom said contritely, "Oh, for Pete's sake. I'm certainly acting like a fool! Come on, we'll rest under that oak tree." They walked over to it and sat down with their backs against the trunk.

"Look, Candy," he said, "don't take it too hard just because your guy runs out on you and marries a nurse. Better for him to do it before you're married than after. There are probably a hundred guys who'd give their right arms to marry a sweet girl like you."

"That would be—b-b-bigamy," Candy said, fumbling for her handkerchief. "But the same goes for you, too, Tom."

"Huh, what d'you mean?"

"About Gwen," she said. "She's not the only girl in the world."

For a long minute he was silent, and Candy thought he was angry. Then he said, "I know—but it's different saying it to another person, and then trying to apply it to yourself, isn't it?"

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak. And they both sat there, wrapped in their own gloomy thoughts. The silence lengthened until Candy thought she'd scream if somebody didn't say something.

So she said suddenly, "Tom, won't you have a piece of cake?"

Tom gave her a long look and said, "Hey, you're a sport, Candy, eating the funeral meats!" He handed her his pocketknife, and she cut him a hunk of the dilapidated cake. He was halfway through his piece, when Candy, who'd just been nibbling at hers, bit on something, gave a little cry, and then flung her piece of cake into the bushes.

"Hey!" Tom said. "What was that?"

"A wedding ring," she said furiously. "There're other trinkets in there too. Be careful—you'll probably bite on a tenpenny nail!"

Tom looked at her then, so long and so searchingly that she blushed and jumped to her feet. Then he picked up the drooping wedding bouquet, got to his feet, and tossed the flowers into the bushes.

"How about making a fresh start?" he asked. "Candy, you're pretty good medicine, and you're so brave and sweet. I've just discovered that one of those hundred guys wants to marry you. I guess he didn't know it before, but there's always been a picture of you in his heart—in one of those little yellow aprons."

Candy was looking so stunned that he said, "Please don't think it's rebound stuff, we've known each other a year. This is the real thing, Candy, and if you can only forget that heel, Jim—"

Forget Jim! Candy's brown eyes were misty. Funny, but it wasn't Jim she was thinking of now. She was thinking of Gwen phoning her the night before, telling her she was going to marry a sailor. "I haven't even time to wire Tom," she'd babbled excitedly. "Candy, would you mind awfully sending him a telegram for me? You know what to tell him—about how bad I feel and all that sort of thing."

After Candy had got over the shock of what Gwen was doing to Tom, she'd said she'd attend to it.

Under the whispering oak tree, Candy looked up at Tom, and suddenly her brown eyes were filled with stars. She'd been in love with Tom ever since he'd started coming to see Gwen. Forget Jim Quigly! Of course she could. She'd only invented him last night, after Gwen had phoned.

(Copyright)

CANDACE WILLIAMS had been standing in the crowded train aisle for hours, with a wedding cake in one arm and a bridal bouquet under the other. The train was almost there when panic assailed her and she thought: I can't do it!

Brides had been saying this to themselves for hundreds of years. But that didn't make Candy feel any better now.

The night before, when she'd been making hurried preparations for this trip, she'd happened to read in a paper: "Short-notice Army or Navy post weddings are planned with many peacetime trappings. The bride carrying wedding cake in one arm, bouquet under the other is one of our true-blue wartime heroines."

She'd just laughed then, in her excitement. But she didn't feel like laughing now. All she could do now was to say over and over to herself, "Columbus took a chance."

She found herself, with her bags and bridal impedimenta, being swept down the aisle. And suddenly

the train disgorged its load as if someone had hit the jack-pot. The station platform was a welter of Army uniforms and girls in bright dresses with little flowered hats and veils; and proud mothers and fathers and hero-worshipping brothers.

Without quite knowing how she got there, Candy found herself in a taxi with two lieutenants. They joked and teased each other about taking the fatal step, and kept laughing at nothing because they were all very young and a little frightened underneath.

They piled out at the chapel, and the lieutenants saw their brides waiting on the steps and hurried to them.

Candy walked into the vestry and put down her things. But no one stepped forward to meet her. She stood there, trying to look unconcerned and feeling more conspicuous every second. And then suddenly she saw Sergeant Tom Barrett, striding up and down and glancing nervously at his watch. Candy wasn't surprised because Gwen Talbot had told her he'd be there. And his

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THE COMMANDO TOUCH

By FRANK NUNN

A BOTANIST'S guide was the cookery book of the commando unit, and nobody regarded its illustrations of goannas and slugs and bamboo shoots with more dismay than did Private Henry James.

So far the outfit hadn't lived "off the land" on their way up the coast to the North; that peak of independence, the Major had promised them, would be reached when they got to the Kimberliya—and beyond.

Henry, city bred, but twelve stone of toughness developed on the playing fields and not by roughing it in the bush, was not fooled by the botanical statistics that claimed that the heart of a water-lily was almost as rich in vitamins as a lettuce.

So Henry, sitting amidst the buffel grass of a park reserve in Broome, and wondering where men would find nutrition on the dry pindan which stretched to the mangrove swamps, became anxious about the future.

Henry was the guard and the sole person in the camp that afternoon. He was there to keep an eye on the carcass of a calf whose mother had been abandoned when Jap Zeros had emptied Broome of all but military personnel and essential workers.

Although the carcass was in itself a revolting sight, it was, he thought, better than the goannas he might have to eat shortly. The other item he was minding was a machine-gun mounted on a truck. He also jealously guarded his own Bren.

There was plenty of noise one way or another, but Henry heard the hoof-beats of a horse above all this. They were coming up the road from the direction of the jetty, and Henry twisted his head to look. The horse came into sight, and there was a girl on its back, such a girl that Henry stared and his interest grew at a bound.

When her eyes fell upon the camp she pulled the horse to a walk and edged it off the road. There was no doubt about her intention, and Henry scrambled to his feet.

He met her at the fence. She asked, "Is Major Rowan about?"

He stared, thinking her eyes matched her blue shirt, and then remembered her question.

"He's gone out somewhere," he said gravely, "to analyse the vitamin content of a shrub."

She smiled at that, although this was immediately followed by a frown of disappointment.

"Is Lieutenant Baker here, then?" "He's swimming at Cable Beach," he told her.

"When will either of them be back?"

"When," grinned Henry, "one has finished adding up calories and the other has absorbed all the Vitamin D from the sun."

Again she smiled, and this time it stayed longer. She even regarded him with interest.

"Is this a mobile clinic?" she asked, amused, "or are you really a bunch of tough commandos who are going to train stockmen in guerrilla tactics?"

"We are not a mobile sanatorium," said Henry firmly, "but we are preparing to live off the country. We want to know when we nibble a shrub that we're not taking in so much useless bulk. We want to know which end of a grub has the most nutriment. Major Rowan is finding out."

"Any bushman will tell him that," she said.

There was a touch of patronage about that remark which caused Henry to frown for a moment. He asked politely, "As the officers aren't here, is there anything I can do for you?"

"I don't think so." She was looking at him thoughtfully now. "Major

Rowan wants to set up a commando school on our station if we can round up all the stockmen and bushmen from the surrounding stations. I just wanted to know what he was going to teach them."

"I can tell you that," said Henry. It struck him that her interest did not sound very enthusiastic. There was a touch of antagonism in her voice actually. "They'll go through a full commando course which includes unarmed combat—"

She interrupted him with a short laugh. "Unarmed combat. You ought to see the fights in Rafferty's pub."

"Unarmed combat," said Henry patiently, "is a science, not a rough-house."

"But the pay-off is just the same," Henry skipped it. "They'll be taught how to shoot."

"Dave Jones, for one," she said dreamily, "can shoot the eye out of a duck on the wing."

Henry said with dignity, "I think you'd better see the Major."

"I might go over the beach and see the lieutenant," she said, "unless you can tell me which bush Major Rowan is analysing."

"It's a little bush," said Henry hastily. "The Major suspects it's poisonous. He's going to eat some, and if he's wrong about his suspicions he'll be back any time." He frowned. "You can't go down to the beach now, Miss."

She stroked the neck of her horse carefully. "P'raps not." "Where's your station?" he asked. "A hundred miles east of Derby."

"How did you get here?" "She looked at him in surprise.

"I rode. I helped drove the cattle down. Since the ships don't come up to Derby any more we have to bring the cattle down here."

"Don't you know this is a dangerous area?" She shrugged. "I was here when the Zeros strafed the airport and sank all the flying-boats. The place is as peaceful as a cemetery now."

"For all that," said Henry impressively, "it's a prescribed military area of danger, and females are forbidden to enter it. You are subject to arrest being here now."

But she was not impressed. She laughed. "The Army wants the beef. They don't all live on wicketty grub and taro root."

She glanced at the hanging carcass of the calf. "Or are grubs and roots just so much—hoopla?"

"So you think we're a travelling circus now?"

She shrugged again. It was astonishing how much she could express in a shrug—derision, hostility, contempt. The local boys, thought Henry, don't like us coming up to show them.

He said in a changed voice. "We're really very serious about this. You know. We get billed as a sensational act by the newspapers, but we're neither a clown, nor acrobatic team, nor a strong-man act. We're just ordinary people who's been trained specially for a particular job. That's something the Major will tell you about when you shrug off his syllabus. You'd better remember that when you see him, or he'll pin your ears back."

She looked at him oddly as if surprised that his flippancy should so quickly change to earnestness and his awe to rebuke. But the rebuke and the threat left her indifferent.

"We'll co-operate and be organised," she said. "That goes without question. If there's anything the stockmen can be taught they'll learn; something specialist." She regarded him for a moment in thought. "What can you teach them, for instance? What are you good at?"

That was a challenge that Henry had to accept because it was said in that sort of tone, and he couldn't



"Unarmed combat," said Henry patiently, "is a science, not a rough-house."

just let it go with a modest gesture. Henry was, as a matter of fact, a star at swimming rivers with a full pack. But when he told her with the minimum of pride she flung back her head and laughed.

"You see? All the rivers up our way are full of crocodiles."

Henry stared at her and sighed. He felt beaten. He felt he had allowed the unit to be massacred.

"I think you'd better see Major Rowan," he said feebly.

SHE laughed again and said: "It seems as if it might be a choice between a sun-worshipper and a corpse." She was enjoying herself and was very confident, as if she knew she had the whole of the north-west behind her in this. "I think I'll come back to-night with a poison antidote or a sunburn salve. You boys need looking after."

He let that go.

"What name shall I give the Major?"

"Mitchell," she said, "Ann Mitchell, of the Twin Hill station."

"Are you staying in town?" "You forget," she said mockingly, "there are military orders stopping females from entering the town. We've got a camp out a bit, away from the danger."

She was gathering up the slack of the bridle. Henry watched her

silently, conscious of defeat, and to some extent, humiliation. She had scored while he had only made one feeble pass. She would go away thinking less of commandos than ever. And what was in a way more important, she would leave taking him as a symbol of an outfit which, in the eyes of the bushmen of the North, apparently, was nothing more than a team of mountebanks.

And just then a church-bell started to toll. It was the air-raid warning. Ann settled herself comfortably in the saddle.

"Be seeing you," she said coolly. He dragged his searching eyes from the hard, blue sky.

"At Twin Hill station?" he asked.

"Why, sure. We have to be organised if we can't be taught."

"Which way are you going now?"

"Back to camp."

He nodded his approval.

"Keep away from the jetty for a while," he suggested. He was anxious for her.

"That bell means something has been sighted down the track a bit. Broome expects Jap planes when there's a ship in. Did you just come from the jetty?"

She nodded back at him.

"How's the tide running?" "Just going out."

"And the moon's full to-night—" He saw the look on her face, and added hastily, "Okay, you can't be told anything. You know that in a few hours there won't be any water under the ship's keel when the tide has finished its thirty-foot drop, and that the Japs pick the full moon for raids. You've seen reconnaissance planes over at this hour, too."

"There isn't much we don't know about the North," she said.

He said half-angrily, "Well, bombs kill up here the same as anywhere else. So stay in your camp to-night and leave Major Rowan until to-morrow." His eyes went back to the sky.

"We pull out at sun-up for the station," she smiled. "The boys will be waiting for a report, and unless I skulk in camp to-night and quote you to them I'll disappoint them. Apart from all that I'll be bringing some more cattle in to-night."

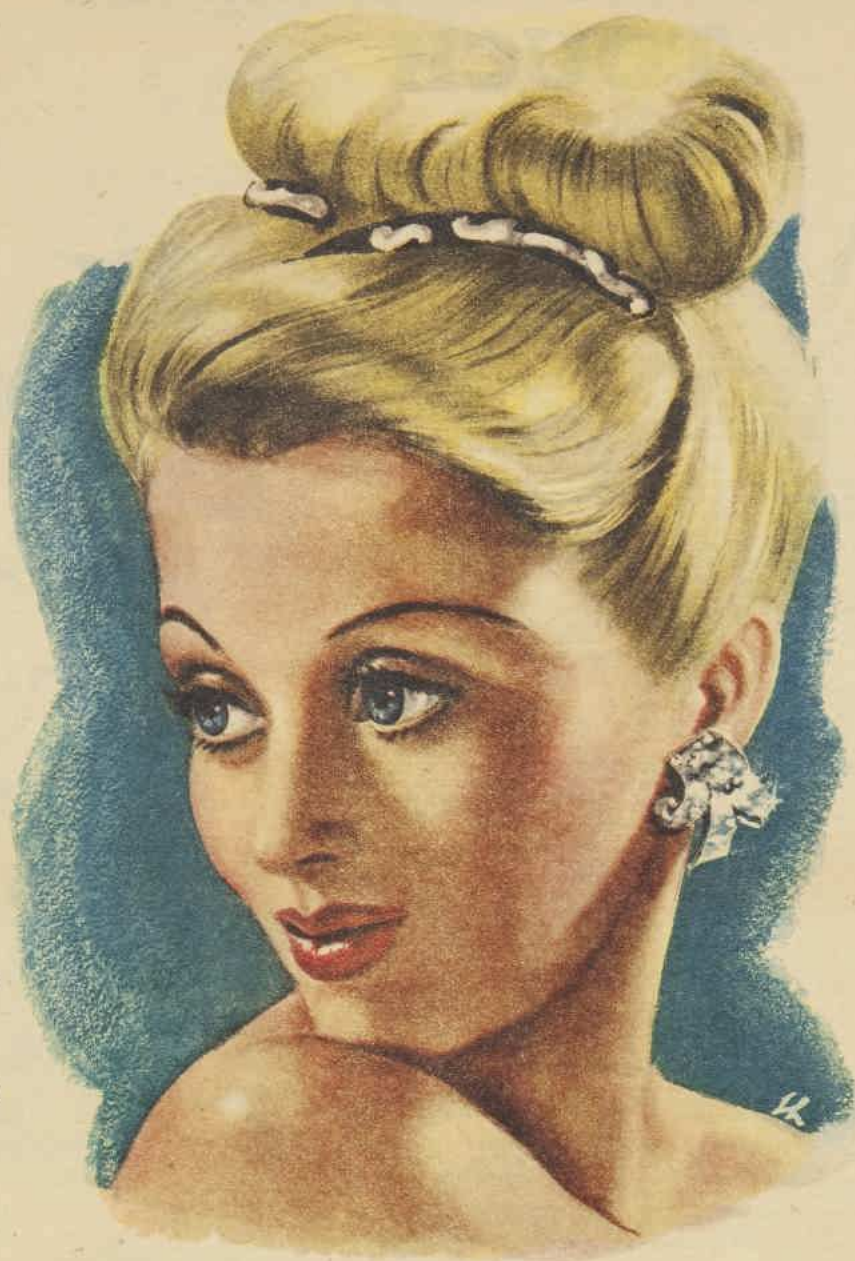
His eyes went to her face again. "You're a difficult girl," he said curtly. "You can quote me on that if you like."

She gave a spurt of laughter, and touched the horse with her heels.

Please turn to page 23

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RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

Concluding our intriguing Australian mystery serial

OWEN CURTIS came up in the lift, opened the door of his flat, and went in. He looked cold and wary, as though he were walking carefully and choosing his steps. Coming home to-night was different from other nights.

Marjorie was in the sitting-room. She didn't look up when he greeted her, but murmured something and went into the bedroom. Miss Krauss was in the kitchen getting the dinner, and with a shrug of the shoulders Owen threw himself into a chair opposite the big window and opened his paper.

Over in Flat 93, Leith had smoked all his cigarettes and most of Bob's. He jerked out of his chair and called to Bob, who was moving about in the kitchen: "I'm going down to try to get some cigarettes." There was a small store near the entrance to the flats that carried a mixed stock of odds and ends for the tenants.

Leith went out to the lift. The door behind him opened again, and Bob put his head out.

"Hey," he said. "You might get a pineapple while you're down there. We'll try to get Nora for dinner."

When the lift came up Nora was in it. She gave them a quick little smile, and went toward Miss Breen's flat. But Leith caught her arm.

"Nora, hold on. What's the hurry?"

"Sorry, Leith, I can't wait. I've got to collect a few things, and then I'm going home."

"You can have dinner before you go, can't you?"

"No, thanks."

"What's new, Nora? Why the ice?"

Bob in the doorway didn't speak, but his eyes were on her steadily. She said suddenly, facing them:

"Well, there is something . . . I didn't mean to tell you, but—"

"But what?"

"Those cheques."

"What about them?"

"The detective told me this morning. Someone altered the last one—made it for fifty pounds instead of five."

If Nora's clear blue gaze had been a Medusa's it couldn't have produced a greater stillness. Bob and Leith stood motionless, silent, their eyes meeting. Nora stood between them while the moment hung, brief but never ending.

When the tension broke she had disappeared into the next flat. Leith stepped into the lift, and Bob closed his door.

The caretaker's office was still open, and Leith paused on his way out and went in. Pike was sitting at his desk surrounded by muddle and mess, and his usual air of portentous gravity.

"I owe you some money," Leith said.

"That's right, Mr. Henderson. A fortnight's rent."

While Leith counted out the notes Pike opened his book and began to write the receipt. As he was filling in the date Leith said: "Robbing me

of a day, eh? This is the second, not the first."

Pike said confidently: "Oh, no, Mr. Henderson, October the first. That's to-day." He cleared some litter from the desk calendar, and drew it toward him. Then an odd expression seemed to pass over his face.

"What's up?" Leith asked.

Pike didn't answer or seem to hear, and he didn't write either. He sat staring at the calendar as though it had a message for him.

Leith said again: "What's biting you, Pike? Forgotten a date?"

Pike kept muttering to himself. "The second, is it?" He got up.

"Look, Mr. Henderson, I'll give you your receipt to-morrow. Can't wait now. I want to see the inspector."

"The inspector?"

"Yes. Wonder where he is."

"You won't have to look far," Leith said grimly. "On the ninth floor, I'd say, or close to it!"

Pike was half-way to the door, leaving the notes on the table. Some of them spilled on the floor, caught by his coat as he got up. Odd for a careful little bloke like Pike, Leith thought, as he picked the money up, put it back into his pocket, and went slowly out of the shop.

Grogan was on the roof when Pike got up there. The little caretaker sighted him, and went scurrying over the leads toward him. His wet eyes had a scared gleam in them.

"Can I have a few words with you, sir?"

Grogan wheeled round.

"Hullo, Pike. What's up?"

"Look, inspector, I think I'm on to something. You see, it's like this."

The inspector was used to excited people with theories of their own and clues on all the folks round them. But he was a patient man. He undid the final button of his waistcoat, lighted a cigarette and sank on to a deck chair.

"O.K., Pike, what's on your mind?"

PIKE shifted from foot to foot and kept shooting his head out of his collar. "Well, you see, Inspector, I got all muddled up with the dates and then just now I found out it was the 2nd. See? Second of October. I said to myself, that's it—at least, it could be."

"Hold on. What's the date got to do with it?"

"Don't know yet. Don't know if I'm on the right track. But do you remember that case in England and what gave them the clue?"

"Which case would that be?"

Pike came closer, he put his hands on his knees and stooped over Grogan, he opened his mouth to speak . . .

A constable came round an angle of the roof.

"Can you come down to the basement a minute, sir?" he said to Grogan. "The boys reckon they've run across something."

Grogan got up.

"Right you are. Wait for me



Grogan burst through the door, the others pressing behind him.

coot up there was right on the ball, too.

He listened upwards. Someone, maybe, was holding the door open while they kissed good-bye. Well, he was jiggered if he was going to walk up! . . .

Pike turned and went back to the chairs.

The gloves were gone.

He went closer and stared down at where they'd been, his face a white disc of surprise. Where . . . ?

How . . . ? He glanced round nervously. They couldn't have blown away, and he hadn't heard anyone behind him. There wasn't a breath of wind or a soul anywhere to be seen. He stooped lower, searching . . .

Down below Grogan leant on the lift button once more. There was the satisfying click from above and the hum of the cage descending. But to his surprise, it was empty when it came down to him. He got in and went up.

WHEN he stepped out at the ninth floor he noticed a little scattering of sandy soil spilt on the carpet in the doorway. He saw it without seeing it because it didn't seem to make any particular sense just at the moment.

Up on the roof there wasn't any sign of Pike at first. The radiance of the sunset had gone, and there was a flat greyness in the light.

Grogan stepped across the leads.

Pike was lying face downward, beside a painted wooden seat, and the heavy flower-pot that he'd been struck down with was smashed round him with earth and scattered leaves. On the seat was a pair of wash-leather gloves, marked with the dust from the pot.

Grogan knelt quickly and felt for the pulse. But the murderer hadn't made any mistake about it. Pike would never speak again or say what was the discovery that had sent him running to the inspector.

By . . .

MARGOT NEVILLE

A quick search of the roof showed nothing—the luggage-room, the shed where there were tubs and lines, the striped sun-tent facing the sea. No one was about. The sandy soil on the carpet began to take on meaning now in Grogan's mind, and the long hold-up of the lift.

While he and Pike had been standing talking someone had been on the roof, had heard what Pike said and seen himself and the constable leave. That someone had crept down the roof stairs, and when the lift reached the ground floor, had brought it back and propped open the door with an ornamental flower-pot that he had brought down for the purpose.

Then he—or she—had slipped back to the roof, crept up behind Pike, struck him down and hurried below and removed the flower-pot, releasing the lift.

Pike was dead. It was a whisper, but it ran like fire, Pike the officious, the ubiquitous, everybody's man. How in the world had he got himself caught in this net of murder so that he lay up on the roof now as still as Miss Breen had lain not twenty-four hours ago?

People answered Grogan's summons like rats popping out of holes. Constables clattered up and down the roof stairs, appearing from everywhere, it seemed.

In the dead woman's flat Grogan fired questions. Fear made everyone look guilty. Marjorie and Owen stood before him like prisoners in the dock, Owen still clutching the crumpled sheets of his newspaper.

"What time did you get in?" Grogan shot at him.

"Seven o'clock."

"Was Pike in his office when you came through?"

"Yes."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, I didn't."

"How do you know he was there, then?"

"I don't know. I just have the impression—now that you ask me—that he was in there with the door half open."

"What did you do when you got into your flat? Where did you sit?"

"In the sitting-room, and read my paper."

"With your wife, eh?"

"Yes—no."

"What do you mean?—yes—no!"

He went closer to Owen. "Look, I don't want any doubt about what people have been doing in the last twenty minutes. See? I want the truth."

Owen backed. "What I mean is, my wife was in the sitting-room with me for a minute or two, and then went out."

"Out where?"

"Into the bedroom."

Essie and William came hurrying in, Essie in a bathrobe with her hair tied back, and William struggling into a dinner-jacket. They could be heard, like a storm approaching, the moment their door opened, because Essie couldn't stop talking.

"Oh, Marjorie, Owen . . . What are we going to do? Pike dead! I can't believe it. Oh, isn't it too frightful. Look, I'm not even dressed. What do they want me for? It's no use asking me any questions. I don't know anything."

Please turn to page 23

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SHARKTEX

From porter's cottage to Governor's palace

Mrs. Burrows plans a new life in Bengal

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON
of our London staff

In an English country cottage called "Thrushes' Nest," Mrs. Fred Burrows has budgeted for her family for most of her married life on her husband's £4 a week.

Now she will move from "Thrushes' Nest" to a palace with a throne-room, and her housekeeping allowance will be £30,000 a year.

MRS. BURROWS is the wife of Mr. Frederick Burrows, former railway porter and president of the National Union of Railwaymen, who has been appointed Governor of Bengal.

His salary will be £9600 a year, plus £30,000 for staff and personal expenses, and £8000 for miscellaneous expenses.

When Mr. and Mrs. Burrows arrive in Bengal next February they will be saluted by 17 guns to herald the new Governor's assumption of office, and in the throne-room of Government House, Calcutta, the Chief Justice, in red robes, ermine, and full wig, will administer the oaths of allegiance, while troopers of the bodyguard, carrying lances decorated with red-and-white pennants, will be posted at both sides of the dais and entrances to the room.

As Their Excellencies, Mr. and Mrs. Burrows will be accorded all the ceremonial associated with the King in Britain.

When they drive through the great wrought-iron gates of the Palace, which is one of the most magnificent mansions in the Empire—their limousine will bear a large gold crown on the radiator, and they will be accompanied by motor-cycle outriders, and saluted by Sepoys in red, gold, and white uniform.

"I should imagine it will be very different in Bengal from Ross-on-Wye," Mrs. Burrows said when I interviewed her, "but it won't be prettier, or nicer."

And she patted the comfortable armchair drawn up beside the fire. "But we shan't be any different,"

she added. "We are working people, and we always shall be."

Mrs. Burrows, who has never been out of Britain in her 56 years, will succeed Australia's much-travelled Mrs. R. G. Casey, as first lady of Bengal.

When I arrived at cosy, comfortable "Thrushes' Nest," at Ross-on-Wye, she was looking at some Cecil Beaton pictures of Mrs. Casey.

She was admiring the elegance of Mrs. Casey's clothes, and commenting on the air of natural distinction which, in addition to her flair for entertaining, has made Mrs. Casey such an asset to her husband in his public life.

"I shall need some coupons and new dresses I suppose," Mrs. Burrows said.

"I don't know yet what entertaining I shall have to do, but when I've talked it over with Fred then I shall plan my wardrobe."

But clothes are the least of Mrs. Burrows' worries.

"We'll have a big 'family' to look after," she said, "about 60,000,000 people, and that is what really interests me."

Mrs. Burrows is a woman of great charm and friendliness, with an extraordinary grasp of international affairs.

She laughed and said: "There isn't anything a woman cannot learn. I'll try to do everything that's expected of me."

MR. AND MRS. BURROWS in the sitting-room of their English home.

"Whatever the position, neither Fred nor I would have accepted it unless we thought we could carry it out."

Mrs. Burrows talks everything over with Fred, so the appointment was not a surprise to her.

Then she told me her daily round at "Thrushes' Nest," where she and Fred have lived for 21 years.

"I'm up at seven when Fred has to go to London on Trade Union duty," she said. "When I've got him off, I do all the housework."

"There are five rooms here to be kept clean. After that I do the shopping."

"I never queue, for I believe in doing all my shopping in one store—the Co-operative—and that means I take what they have, and do without the rest."

"In the afternoons I'm always out. I've worked with the Women's Voluntary Services throughout the war. I'm a member of the Townswomen's Guild, the Women's Labor Party Club, and the Co-operative Guild, and I help run the whist drives for charity."

"After dinner I read, knit, or sew." Like Mrs. Casey, Mrs. Burrows has artistic hands, and, like Mrs. Casey, she is a very good speaker.

Mr. and Mrs. Burrows' two children are both away from home now.



Their daughter, who was a schoolmistress at nearby Ledbury, is married, while their son Cyril is a flight-sergeant in the R.A.F., and is stationed near Oxford.

"I'll miss the children while we are away," Mrs. Burrows said, "and I'll miss all my friends here in Ross, but it will always be home to us, no matter how much we like Bengal."

After doing all her own work and washing, Mrs. Burrows will now have servants and a private secretary, while her husband will have a sec-

retary, military secretary, four aides-de-camp, an Indian aide-de-camp, a surgeon, and a bodyguard.

They will have access to the choicest wines when they move into their new residence, but Mrs. Burrows said: "We'll keep it for entertaining, as neither of us carts for anything stronger than beer."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Burrows speak with a pleasing West Country burr, and both enjoy an occasional pint of good English ale.

But Fred Burrows, first Socialist to be appointed to an Indian Governorship, will be tackling a tough job, for Bengal is a famine province and the centre of Hindu-Muslim clashes.

He is a big man for this big job.

Fred Burrows is ruddy complexioned, smokes a pipe, and has a straight, soldierly carriage. He was a quartermaster-sergeant in the Grenadier Guards in the last war. He stands six feet in his socks, weighs sixteen stone, is stern in his convictions, but likeable, affable, and humorous.

Burrows had never visited Bengal until last year, when he went to Ceylon with a Commission to inquire into constitutional reforms.

Agatha Christie at her best in our new serial

FIRST instalment of "One Year Later," outstanding new mystery by Agatha Christie, will appear in our issue of next week.

The story of a year-old suicide verdict which flares dramatically into a murder mystery. It is a masterpiece of tantalising suspense and vivid modern characterisation, excelling even the best that this very talented writer has previously produced.

You have tried many times before to guess the solutions of her ingenious stories. But no matter how hard you may try this time, our forecast is that you will still guess wrongly!

American girls work and play too hard says woman doctor

"It is easy to understand why so many Americans married Australian girls," said Dr. Merrian Kent, who has returned from five months' post-graduate course in America.

"Their pretty curves, vitality, and fresh complexions contrast favorably with American girls, so many of whom are pale, languid, and too calorie-conscious."

DR. KENT thinks the American girls work and play too hard. "Many of them continue in jobs after marriage to supplement their husbands' insufficient incomes," she said.

"At the end of a hard day's work they step out to a show or a party. "But no one can fail to be impressed by their zest for whatever they undertake."

Although Dr. Kent was too busy in America to have much time for clothes, she found she needed the items of her Australian frocks taken up.

"I soon became self-conscious about the length of mine," she said. "However, I didn't have them made as short as many women wore them. "When I arrived in San Francisco I was leaning over the side of the ship and was diverted by a woman who appeared to be dressed only in a fox fur cape."

"Later I discovered there was an inch or two of frock below."

Dr. Kent was glad she had taken plenty of clothes.

"Frocks for which I would hesitate to pay seven guineas here cost round 25 guineas," she said.

Dr. Kent studied obstetrics in America.

She was impressed with many advances, and the attention paid to psychological aspects, such as the use of artistically decorated rooms for women waiting the time of delivery.

"Often there are several different flowered wallpapers in one room," she said, "to avoid monotony."

"The windows are beautifully curtained, and many hospitals are built in U or T shape so that all the rooms will have a view."

At Stanford University, San Francisco, where Dr. Kent began her studies, she was surprised to find doctors of 50 and 60 spending their hard-earned vacation observing the courses.

"Competition is keen," she said, "and the same desire to continue study is found in many professions, including teaching and nursing."



DR. MERRIAN KENT, who returned to Sydney recently from five months' study in America.

"America is the only English-speaking country where nurses take a special course and degree to become anaesthetists."

Doctors in the States were very much interested in the way Dr. Kent used her hands when diagnosing cases.

"Hospitals there are so well sup-

plied with X-ray and other up-to-date equipment that there is much less examination by touch than in Australia," she said.

Dr. Kent says that doctors trained at Sydney University can take their place successfully in any part of the world.

"In America each State has its own degree, which is not necessarily recognised in other States."

"Univerities vary. In some the ideas are very radical, in others greatly modified."

"In the last three years, more than three million women in America have been given caudal analgesia for childbirth."

"This analgesia is produced by a block of the sensory nerve, which makes the expectant mother so relaxed that the chance of birth injury is considerably reduced and the loss of blood is cut to a minimum."

One of the most modern hospitals Dr. Kent visited was the Margaret Hague Hospital in Jersey City, which was presented to the State by Mayor Hague as a memorial to his wife.

Outstanding innovation in this nine-floor building, which is chiefly devoted to obstetrics, is the central sterilising unit.

Instruments are not sterilised in the operating theatres or delivery-room, but are returned immediately to the unit.

In big cities such as New York and Chicago, and in sparsely populated areas, said Dr. Kent, about 70 per cent. of confinements take place in the home.

A special nursing service caters for these home confinements.

Editorial

DECEMBER 8, 1945

RELIEF FOR DOCTORS

NEWS that a committee has been appointed to speed up release of doctors from the Services will be welcomed not only by the civil population but by the overworked civilian doctor.

No one would deny the necessity of the best possible medical attention for servicemen, thousands of whom will need hospital care for many a long day yet.

But if it is correct, as the British Medical Association has stated, that there is now a surplus of doctors in the Forces, then those coping with civilian health are indeed due for some respite.

Many of them are older men, who have carried more than their share of the home front burden in the last six years.

The health of some has been so badly affected by overwork that they can justly claim to be war casualties.

Strain on the family doctor, the harassed suburban or country G.P., has been particularly heavy, and it is fortunate that there has been no serious epidemic.

High taxation has offset any financial reward of his long hours.

The community expects a great deal of its doctors. They are required to give much more than a fair day's work.

At all times they must be ready, no matter how weary, to answer a call for attention.

Should one fail in any way, or appear to be careless or neglectful, down comes public opinion like a ton of bricks.

The least they can expect, therefore, is relief as soon as possible from the intolerable strain of wartime practice.

Problems of ex-prisoners

It's not always easy for them to get used to family life again

By WILLIAM LYLE

● In prison camp we used to say "Once I get out of here, I never want to see your ugly dial again." Beneath the cloak of banter we thought we meant it.

● But when we reported back to Medical Rehabilitation Unit after leave with our families most of us were surprised at how pleased we all were to see each other again.

HERE is something deep in friendships formed in prison. Those of us who have shared prison life have an understanding of each other.

We can talk not only about superficial things, but we can talk deeply, share each other's problems and each other's happiness, too.

It wasn't long before we had finished our superficial conversation and began comparing notes. Most of us seemed to be enjoying life all right, but some of the chaps had their problems.

Bill had just been married; he wanted to get his medical examination over as quickly as possible, so that he could get back to his wife. Bill had no problems, except housing.

Jim said, "The most trying part of the whole show is coming home again. I've done nothing else but talk, talk, talk, since I got back."

"I've got that way now that I can give a 40-minute lecture on 'prison camps I have known' without any conscious mental effort."

"Everyone thought I was a fraud because I looked so fit," Harry said. "I got the impression that people were annoyed with me because I wasn't a living skeleton."

Mick explained that his mother insisted on treating him like an invalid.

"I stuck it for a week, then rebelled," he said.

Then there was Wally. He had been having difficulty with his family. They were glad to have him back, so pleased in fact that they begrudged him every minute that he was out of their sight.

Most families are the same at first, and the returned man reciprocates that feeling; he wants to see as much of his family as he can.

Then he gets used to the idea that he is home; he wants to move about a bit by himself.

Six years, once it has gone, is like a flash. Wally's people hadn't allowed for the fact that Wally during the last six years has grown from a young boy of 19 to an independent man of 25.

Whenever Wally goes out at night his parents wait up for him and they worry about him while he is away.

When Wally first told me this I saw only the humor of it. Wally and I have been together in some pretty tough corners of some pretty tough cities during the last few years.

Wally's people feel offended be-

cause he apparently forgets them—he comes in late to meals. Sometimes, without telling anyone, he stays out for a meal.

A few nights ago he went to a party. Because he missed the last train he stayed the night with his host, sleeping on a couch.

Apart from the fact that they worried about him all night, his family were shocked at the thought of his uncomfortable night.

After some of the places Wally has slept in, it would seem funny—if it were not worrying Wally, too.

Wally is like thousands of men who have been away from home for a long time.

It is not that he doesn't appreciate or care for his family. Men who have been away from home for a long time have really learnt to appreciate their home and their family.

It would be a safe bet to say that Wally and men like him have spent hundreds of hours while they were away thinking of home and the ways

Parents don't realise their boys are grown-up

they were going to show their affection to their folks.

But now he is home, he has found life much more complex than he thought it would be. The things he dreamed of having are difficult to get, and it is hard to do many of the things he intended to do.

For the last six years Wally has been among all types of men, and got on well with them all.

Wally has grown accustomed to being independent. When he was on leave overseas, his family were many miles away, and except to write to them he didn't have to consider them at all.

He used to stay at hotels or clubs, he didn't have to worry about being on time for meals, or about getting home at night.

He was entertaining Wally, and had no one else to consider.

That is why he sometimes seems too casual towards his home now he is back.

Peter said that he was having trouble with his family, too, mainly because he drinks beer now.

When Peter went away he was very young, just feeling his way in the world.

Service life could have broken Peter, but it didn't.

Peter has seen some life in the last few years. He has seen some death, too. If Peter had stayed at home his family would have made him into a teetotaler.

Now, when Peter comes home with the odor of beer on his breath his mother worries, and his father becomes angry.

One tells story of many

DIFFICULTIES and misunderstandings confront many former prisoners of war when they try to fit into family life again.

A former prisoner presents some of these difficulties in stories of mates he met again at a Medical Rehabilitation Unit, where all former prisoners are posted when their disembarkation leave expires.

They don't really know what a fine fellow their son is; that through the test of experience he has developed an attitude that is better than their own.

Peter doesn't hold himself to any hard and fast rules, but I would bet my deferred pay that Peter will never get really drunk.

He has established himself as a man in his own eyes, and he will never disgrace himself or his family.

Mac said that he was getting along fine with everyone.

"But I wish people would realize," he said, "that P.O.W. isn't a trade or a mustering. It's like people to know that we did do some fighting, and that being a P.O.W. was just incidental to that fighting."

Mac did two tours of operations with Bomber Command before he served his two years "in the bag."

When I got back from Medical Rehab. Unit, I met Tom's sister. Tom has just returned from a Japanese prison camp.

"There doesn't seem to be anything physically wrong with him," his sister said, "but he is so apathetic that he has us all worried. He won't do anything unless we push him to it."

In a modern war, a soldier is more a thinking unit than his predecessor had to be, but with prisoners of war regimentation reaches its ultimate.

For more than four years, Tom has been one of thousands in a P.O.W. camp. He has not had any cause to think for himself.

In the mass life lived by prisoners of war all his decisions have been made for him, either by his captors or by the Allied authorities within the camp.

The mechanism of his mind which he uses to make decisions is a little rusty as a result of this.

There is nothing wrong with him, and gradually his mind will adapt itself to making decisions again.

He is lucky he is in good hands. His parents and his sister are sensible about him. If he had domineering parents or wife he might never need to make decisions until it was too late.

Like many others who have been in the tougher P.O.W. camps, Tom has sought relaxation in the realm of fantasy.

He still day-dreams from habit. But as his interest in people and things increases, he will become more alert, more practical, and better company.

Thinking about these friends of mine and their problems, it seems that the hardest task is for the women again.

While we were away it was our wives and mothers who worried, not us.

Now we are back it seems that the bulk of our personal rehabilitation problems is in the hands of our womenfolk. They are the ones who can help us most.

Interesting People



ADMIRAL SIR E. EVANS
... peerage honor

NEW field of activity for "Evans of the Broke." 64-year-old Admiral Sir Edward Evans. Is one of the seven Labor peers newly created by British Government to ensure efficient and quick despatch of Government business in House of Lords. In thick of things at sea during 1914-18 war, in this war he was London's Regional Commissioner for Civil Defence and O.C. air-raid shelters. Commanded R.A.N. 1929-31.



LADY BADEN-POWELL
... world Chief Guide.

WORLD Chief Guide Lady Baden-Powell is to visit Australia next year—first visit since 1934. As head of Girl Guide Association, acts as link between branches in different countries. At present is on world tour. Has just completed inspections in Norway, Sweden, Denmark.



DR. OTTO MANDL
... lecturer and author

RECENTLY arrived in Australia with his wife, the celebrated Hungarian pianist, Mme. Lili Kraus, from P.O.W. camp in Batavia, is Dr. Otto Mandl, noted Continental doctor of philosophy, lecturer and writer on world literature, music, international affairs. Has translated into German 24 of H. G. Wells' books, and a number by French author Alain. Austrian born, he has been without country since 1938 by his own choice.

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 17 to 28.
SUGAR: 11 to 14.
BUTTER: 15 to 21 (all Dec. 16).
MEAT: Black, 15 to 18, red, and green, 15, 22, and 35 (available all Dec. 16).
CLOTHES: YL-56, 237-112.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



INTERESTING LUNCHEON GROUP at Prince's includes the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher (left), Madame Carlotta Kulmar, Captain Hugh Freutin, who is a cousin of Winston Churchill; hostess, Lady Steel Matland, Commander J. D. B. Davies, R.N., the Lady Waverley, Sir James Steel Matland, an historian with Ministry of Munitions, Melbourne, and Imogene Freutin.



SHOWER OF CONFETTI for Bruce Hardy and his bride, Ivy (Teen) Thurgood, as they leave St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, after their marriage.

People and PARTIES

EVERYWHERE I go these days I meet people sending parcels off to England . . . nearly all "Christmas boxes" have left long ago, and now parcels are being carefully packed with "A Happy New Year" card slipped in from their Australian senders.

Believe every day seems like Christmas Day at the British Pacific Fleet mail office, as more than 30,000 parcels sent by British personnel in Sydney pass through its office each month.

Wrens in fever of activity sending off parcels home. Second-Officer Lois Lillie says: "Our girls send whatever they can, and as much as they can. Only if you've been in Britain can you realise what a joy these foodstuffs from Australia are."



PRE-WEDDING PHOTO of Lieut. Stephen Proudford and fiancée, Third-Officer Barbara Brown, W.R.A.N.S., who will marry at Devonport, Tasmania, this Thursday. Stephen is youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Proudford, of Gordon. Barbara is only child of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. M. Brown, of Tasmania.

Petty-Officer Maglona Shillbach, W.R.N.S., has had word that her Christmas parcel arrived well ahead of time, and her mother, Mrs. H. W. Shillbach, who lives at Monmouth, a border town between Wales and England, has made Christmas cake with ingredients sent by her daughter.

AUSTRALIAN mothers with daughters living in England are particularly attentive. Chat with Lady Gordon, who tells me her Christmas parcels contained all sorts of foodstuffs, toys, and warm clothing for her daughter, Anne (Mrs. Lloyd Kynaston) and her children, three-and-a-half-year-old Carolyn Anne and ten-months-old David. By the way, Lady Gordon hopes to travel to England early in the New Year to see them.

Christmas cake and parcels are also sent off by Mrs. Victor White to her daughter, Sue (Mrs. Geoffrey Peck), and grandchildren, Alexandra and Gillian.



SPEECH TO BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM by Commander R. H. Comage, R.N., at reception at W.R.N.S. officers' quarters, Tusculum, Potts Point, following marriage at St. Mark's of Sydney Smith, ex-A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Second-Officer Nell Pemberton, W.R.N.S.



WED IN ENGLAND. Pilot-Officer John Kent, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Kent, of Newcastle and Strathfield, and his bride, formerly Joyce Parker, of Kent. John and his bride expect to return to Australia for Christmas.



BY AIR-MAIL FROM LONDON comes this new photograph of the Duchess of Kent and her children, Princess Alexandra, Prince Michael, and the Duke of Kent at their country home, Coppins, Buckinghamshire. The Duke's birthday was on October 9, when he was 10 years old.

WHIRL of shopping, packing, and farewells for Lieut-Commander H. S. Barrett, R.A.N., and his charming wife, Bobbie, before they leave to take up Hal's new appointment as Australian Consul for New Caledonia. "I'm wildly looking for cool cottons to take away with me," says Bobbie. She also tells me that Eleanor Arnott, who has sold her home, has taken their adorable little house at Darling Point. Hal and Bobbie off for quick trip to Melbourne to say "good-bye" to his family, and then a short official trip to Canberra.

HONEYMOON in Melbourne for Sim Bennet and bride, formerly Patricia Massey Higgins, after marriage at St. John's, Canberra. Bride is youngest daughter of late Mr. and Mrs. Percy Winton Higgins, of Moesman, and Sim, who is ex-R.A.A.F., is son of late Dr. and Mrs. P. A. Bennet, of Woolahra. Sim has property "Kambah Park" at Canberra.

TELEPHONE Jean Friend to hear all the "doings" about her wedding with Major Ivor Buchanan Scott, R.A., which takes place this Thursday at St. John's, Darlinghurst. Jean will wear wedding dress worn by her sister, Mrs. Tim Whitney, of Mudgee. Her six godchildren, Annette Fielding-Jones, Anne Clift, Mary Whitney, Suzanne Lodge, and Jimmy and Sammy Whitney will be her attendants.

SUCH a week for romance! I'm not surprised when I see luncheon party at Romano's given by Margaret Taylor and learn it's in honor of her cousin, Barbara Knight, who marries Dr. John Laycock, of Sydney Hospital, this Saturday at St. Philip's. Barbara, who is elder daughter of the Claude Knights, of Klama, is nursing at St. Luke's. Margaret, who is bride-to-be's cousin, will be bridesmaid as well as Jill Knight and Pat Nelson.



HAPPY COUPLE. Private Les Wharton, ex-P.O.W., with his bride, formerly Cecily Avis, arriving at Pickwick Club for reception which follows marriage at St. Stephen's.

"THE most glorious parties" — is general opinion of guests who attend farewell cocktail party one night and dance another on board H.M.S. Duke of York when C-in-C, Sir Bruce Fraser and his staff say "good-bye" to Sydney friends before setting sail for Hongkong. Everybody there—notice Nancy Fairfax wearing same ensemble she wore to Schreiber-Clive wedding looking terribly thrilled that her husband, Vincent, is about to come "out" of the Army.

The Harold Saxtons with daughter Winsome, who was squired by Lieut. Michael Beale, R.N. Mother and daughter to attend the dance were Mrs. Maggie Fielding-Jones, who was Sir Bruce's guest, and sub-deb, Annette, who was attending first big dance and who was partnered by Lieut. Tony Winterbottom, R.N.

joyce

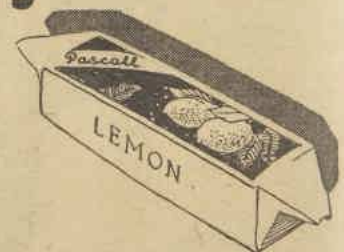
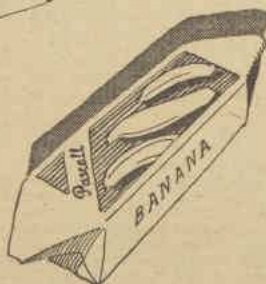
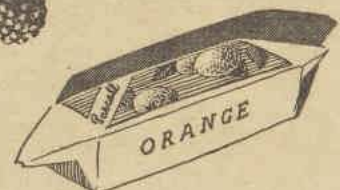
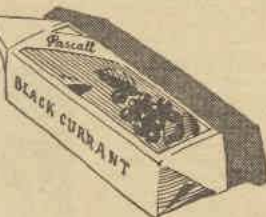


The fine fresh flavour of juicy sun-ripened fruit ...

is captured and preserved for you in Pascall Fruit Bonbons.

Pascall

FRUIT BONBONS



As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

IMPORTANT weeks ahead—some difficult ones for many sign-groups now. Geminians should keep in mind that the present can produce upsets and estrangements, unwise changes, arguments, and losses.

Virgoans and Pisceans will find that annoyances, delays, upsets, and obstacles prevail, that caution pays good dividends.

Arians, Leonians, and Sagittarians can look forward to lots of happiness and opportunities. They should go forward with confidence, seeking progress and gains. Librans and Aquarians benefit also.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Excellent influences on Dec. 4, 5, and 10: Use fully. Seek progress, gains now.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Live quietly this week. Routine work favored most. Dec. 4 fair, 6 (after 3 p.m.) and 7 (after 9 a.m.) just fair. Plan ahead. Improvements soon.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): A queer week. Move cautiously. Dec. 5 (morning and near sunset), 6 (to 3 p.m.) quite adverse. Avoid changes, upsets, impulse. Other days may appear helpful, but be wary.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Dec. 4 and 10 can be unexpectedly helpful and pleasing, but avoid rashness. Dec. 5 (morning and dusk), 6, 7, 8, and 9 all tricky. Dec. 11 fair (after 10 a.m.).

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): A tricky week. Many benefits possible on Dec. 4. Dec. 5 very good (except forenoon and sunset); Dec. 6 good. Rest of week poor or unreliable. Use good days to seek advancements.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Live cautiously now. Most of week tricky. Routine work advised now. Avoid changes, discord, worries.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Dec. 4 and 10 can be good. Use wisely for semi-important changes. Other days difficult.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Dec. 4 and 11 (after 11 a.m.) very fair. Dec. 8 poor. Dec. 10, fair, but deceptive.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Excellent opportunities on Dec. 4 and 10. Cruise fully. Seek gains, progress, and happiness. Dec. 3 good (except forenoon and sunset hours). Dec. 9, 12 tricky.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Dec. 5, 6 (after 3 p.m.), 7, and 8 (midday and evening hours) fair. Routine work advised now.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Dec. 4 good, 10 very good. Seek modest gains, progress. Rest of week poor.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Beware pitfalls, upsets, enforced changes, discord now. Especially on 5, 6, 8, 9, and 11.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are visiting **DEMENTOR:** Which is ruled by a cruel tyrant—**PRINCE PAULO:** Who holds captive **DORMUS:** Because he is in love with **SYBIL LOUISA:** Beautiful daughter of one of Paulo's greatest enemies, Marlock. The Prince wants to marry Sybil. Mandrake says

he will help the captives. Meanwhile, Lothar, forced by the Prince to fight in the arena, is saved by Mandrake's figure-image, which tells him how to escape. Disappointed, the Prince rides in his chariot, scattering coins, which, by his orders, are taken back from the people by soldiers. Then the tyrant continues to amuse himself. **NOW READ ON:**



I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WENT IN FOR BOXING, PAULO.

OH, YES! MY FAVORITE SPORT. I LIKE EXERCISE. BESIDES, IT REQUIRES REAL SKILL, YOU KNOW.

NOTHING LIKE GOOD CLEAN SPORT, I ALWAYS SAY—

DO YOU CALL THAT BOXING? WHY DON'T THEY FIGHT BACK?

FIGHT BACK? ABSURD! WHY, I'M THEIR PRINCE!



YOU DON'T THINK I ALLOW THEM TO HIT ME? I HIT THEM, THEN THEY GET UP AND TAKE THEIR PLACES IN LINE.

I SEE! THAT'S YOUR IDEA OF SPORT, EH?

MANDRAKE GESTURES AND THE MAN IS REPLACED BY A BRICK WALL.

OU--OUCH!

OH--MY HAND! ONE OF YOUR TRICKS! HOW DARE YOU?

PAULO, YOU'VE BEEN GETTING AWAY WITH A LOT OF THINGS HERE, BECAUSE YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE ECCENTRIC! WELL, YOU'RE NOTHING OF THE KIND! THIS SORT OF THING HAS TO STOP! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



AND AS PAULO SWINGS AT THE THIRD SPARRING PARTNER—

HE DARES COMMAND ME! I'LL WAIT MY CHANCE, WHEN HE CAN'T USE ANY OF HIS TRICKS! THEN WE'LL SEE! THEN WE'LL SEE!

BACK IN THE CASTLE, PAULO TAUNTS DORMUS—WHO IS IMPRISONED IN THE AIR—



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS WAITING! WON'T MARRY ME, EH? WELL, YOU'LL MARRY ME NOW, PROUD SYBIL, WHILE YOUR SWEETHEART WATCHES!

YOU'LL NEED A HOOK AND LINE, BEFORE YOU CAN PROPOSE, PAULO!

OH!

THEN, A THUNDERBOLT SEEMS TO LEAP FROM HIS FINGERS, STRIKING THE CAGE ABOVE!



MANDRAKE GESTURES AT THE BOWL

TO BE CONTINUED

AND DORMUS IS SEEMINGLY TRANSFORMED INTO A HUGE HAWK THAT SPEEDS DOWN WITH CRUEL CLAWS POISED!



"You needn't have gone to all that trouble, son. She's happy enough to have a date."

Try Your Luck!

Xmas Gifts with the Paris Touch

This Xmas you may be lucky. Roger & Gallet are again able to offer many of their famous productions.

Supplies are limited, but it is well worth while asking for them. You may be lucky enough to obtain any of these:



Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne; Eau de Lavande; Carnation, Violette and Santal

Toilet Soaps; Roger & Gallet Brilliantine; Butterfly Perfumes; Talcum in glass jars; Fleur d'Amour, Le Jade, Blue Carnation, Vera Violetta, Silver Poppies and

10-10 Presentations.

Roger & Gallet

PARIS

SYDNEY

NEW YORK

Makers of Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne

Famous Since 1806



Cottage and farmyard replace blitzed tenement

From our London office.

Surrounded by five-story, ugly, grey tenements stands a gay, little cream-and-green cottage, at Clapham, only a 15-minute bus ride from the heart of London.

This is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hancock, who built it entirely from bomb salvage. It cost them £82.

It has its own flower and vegetable gardens, a greenhouse, pigs, hens, bees, a goat, a cat, and a dog.

The house has two bedrooms, a lounge, living-room, kitchen, bathroom, porch, and loft. Hot water is laid on upstairs and down, from a multi-point water-heater. The kitchen is equipped with a gas stove and refrigerator. There are four fireplaces, and a wireless set.

Mr. Hancock is a builder, and he taught his wife to help lay the 30,000 second-hand bricks used in the house's construction, how to work the windlass which hauled the bricks, and how to tie the roof.

She was his only assistant. Timber and materials came from bombed cathedrals, mansions, blocks of flats, town halls. The only new materials used were plaster, cement, and window-glass.

Most of the timber was bought from demolition dumps, though a little furniture was saved from the ruins of the Hancocks' own home,



BONES THE GOAT looks on hoping for a morsel while Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hancock feed their 40 fowls at their home in Clapham, London.



LEND-LEASE COTTAGE has its name inset on the verandah paved with marble fragments.

which was wrecked in the 1940 blitz.

Mr. Hancock carried the salvage on a motor-bike equipped with a side-car.

The new house is built on the site of a five-story tenement which was destroyed by incendiaries and high explosives the night of the Fire of London.

Mr. Hancock owned the land, and one night as he and his wife crouched in their Anderson shelter he said to her: "Marie, I think we'll build us a little house on that piece of land."

Marie agreed and the next day bought two tin-hats, which she and her husband wore during raids while they worked on the house.

It took a year to build. During the day Mr. Hancock put other people's houses together.

At night he and Mrs. Hancock donned their tin-hats and worked on their own cottage.

In the summer this was not too bad. It was light until about 11 o'clock; but during the winter the going got pretty tough," said Mr. Hancock.

"The blackout drove us nearly

crazy. We'd spend an hour trying to black-out the area where we were working and then a warden would come along and shout that someone was showing a light.

"We must have looked strange in the twilight during an air raid tiling the roof.

"Our most difficult task was finding floorboards for the verandah. Very few houses with verandahs seemed to be getting bombed.

"We searched for weeks before we found any boards. We began work with a flourish, and discovered to our fury that we were four boards short.

"Down the road several houses had been bombed and the wrecks fenced off. The fencing-boards were just the size we needed for the verandah.

"One night we waited until dark and crept down with torch and chisel to sneak four boards. We felt like criminals as we stood and chatted while someone passed.

"I loosened a board and pulled.

The little shindig turned out to be a sizable cocktail party.

The gathering, it developed, was composed of store executives and officials connected with the bond drive. It was all very pleasant, and somehow Bill forgot to look at his watch until it was seven-thirty.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "I was due at the Marahes' for dinner a half an hour ago. Where's a phone?"

"In there," Liz pointed to a door. "Relax, William. They'll put a plate in the oven for you."

Marianne answered on the first ring. He told her about the party, explaining that he had to put in an appearance because it was partly in his honor.

"You might have called me before this," she said in a hurt voice.

"I'm sorry, I'm leaving right away, though. See you in a few minutes."

"Please don't tear yourself away on my account," she said stiffly.

Her attitude, Bill felt, was unreasonable. He said, "O.K., then, I won't. See you to-morrow." He cradled the phone with a bang, and strode back to the main office.

"Get your coat," he instructed Liz. "I'm taking you to dinner."

She took one look at his face and went off obediently.

They went to the Kinkajou. It was Bill's favorite restaurant, but he hadn't been there since his discharge. Marianne preferred places with soft lights and music.

Bill told Liz about his conversation with Marianne. Carried away on the tide of his own prose, he told her about the June wedding, the little nest—even about Howard, the off-stage noise.

"I know how she feels," he wound up, "but I think she might have been more understanding this evening. After all, it wouldn't have happened if she hadn't insisted that I get a job."

"You forget that she's young, Bill," Liz said gently. "She probably spoke without thinking and will be filled with remorse. I'm sorry for you that you aren't having dinner with

The nails squeaked as if someone was being murdered. We went back three times before we got four boards."

Food was short when the Hancocks moved into their new home. They decided to keep some chickens, a pair of pigs, and a beehive.

Now they have 42 pigs, 40 chickens, 13 beehives.

A large black-and-white goat named Bones stomps round the garden. Last week she ate an incendiary bomb shellcase.

Honeysuckle is being trained to grow up the porch-posts and grapes and tomatoes have been planted in the greenhouse. Mrs. Hancock is planting tulips this week.

As she sorted daffodils from crocuses and hyacinths, she said, "Our old home was bigger and more lavishly furnished, but I love this one better."

your darling. But I'm not sorry for me," she added, smiling. As they ate, a feeling of well-being stole over him. Between mouthfuls, Liz brought him up to date on the activities of the crowd they used to run round with, and they indulged in some gleeful reminiscing. By the time coffee arrived he had forgotten, temporarily, about Marianne.

"This has been a five-star evening, Bill," Liz said, when they stood finally at the door of her apartment.

"It's been swell," he agreed. "The most fun I've had since I've been back." Because it seemed the natural thing to do, he bent and kissed her. As their lips met he remembered that other kiss, under the mistletoe. Then he stopped thinking.

"I'm sorry," he said unsteadily. "I didn't mean to do that."

Her mouth twisted in a curious little smile. "I was afraid of that," she whispered, and closed the door softly in his face.

Riding up town the next day to keep his regular Sunday-dinner date with Marianne and her mother, Bill suffered qualms about the kind of reception in store for him. But if Marianne was still angry, she gave no sign of it.

"Will you start your regular job to-morrow?" she asked after they had talked of extraneous things.

"Yes," Bill said. "That business yesterday was strictly extracurricular. You understand, don't you?" he continued anxiously, "that I couldn't very well get out of it."

Marianne regarded her fork gravely. "You mustn't worry so much about justifying yourself, Billy. Howard says that it isn't unusual for a feeling of insecurity to manifest itself in a display of exhibitionism."

Bill managed to land his cup safely. "Exhibitionism!" He glared at her. "What do you do—give this joker a daily report on my activities?"

Please turn to page 19

"Bill!"

Liz threw down her pen. "Am I glad to see you!"

He advanced uncertainly to the desk. "I hope this doesn't come to you as a surprise. I'm the guy you hired yesterday, remember?"

"Remember?" The publicity department called right after you left yesterday. They were so frantic that I promised them you, and I've been frantic ever since for fear you'd change your mind and not show up this morning."

Bill tossed his coat in a corner and pulled up a chair. "These spells of incoherence," he said gently, "do they occur often?"

"It's the Victory Loan drive," she explained. "We always have a special attraction to lure the customers into buying extra bonds. This time we're having celebrities in the book department—you know, an autographed volume with each and every bond. Only at the last minute two of the four scheduled authors wired that they can't be here. Publicity was calling round in a frenzy, trying to locate substitutes. So I promised them you."

"Me? But I'm no author!"

"You're a cartoonist though, with stuff in three different collections, in case you've forgotten. What's more, you're a returned hero. The combination should be irresistible."

"That," Bill said, "will always be a matter for speculation. I refuse to be drooled over by a flock of female shoppers, even for my country."

There was a moment of silence, and then Liz reached for the phone. "I'd better tell them," she said quietly.

If she had put up a fight it would have been all right. This way he felt like a heel in neon. "On second thought, I'll do it," he said, "for laughs."

Her face lighted up and she pushed the phone away. "You're a good sport, William."

At ten o'clock they went down to the book department. Liz introduced him all round. Then she took him over to a desk facing the main aisle. It was flanked on one side by stacks of the books in which his drawings appeared.

"Celebrity Stall Number One," Liz said. She nodded toward one of the uniformed women. "Mrs. Barnhill will handle the bond sales. All you have to do is look famous and sign your name. I suggest that you get busy and autograph some copies before the mob scene again, so you'll have a reserve."

She's the Boss

Continued from page 3

She patted his shoulder. "En garde, William. . . . The shooting starts at ten-thirty, as advertised." Her slender heels beat a rhythmic beat down the aisle.

Bill folded his long legs under the desk, and began signing his name on flyleaves without conviction. With luck, he thought, he might be able to get rid of a dozen books.

And then the women began to appear. Bill was astonished and gratified at the number who were familiar with his work and eager for his autograph. Stimulated by the request of a plump matron who asked him to draw something under his autograph for her son overseas, he propped a scribbled notice on his desk: "Fifty-dollar bond—illustrated autograph; one hundred-dollar bond—cartoon drawn to order."

He was looking for a boy to send for a sketch pad when his roving eyes encountered a pair of horrified grey ones.

"Marianne," he cried, springing to his feet. "This is a surprise!"

"It certainly is to me," she replied with unaccustomed crispness, "in view of what you told me last night."

He pulled her away from the desk and into the file-bindings section, which was deserted. "This hasn't

anything to do with my job," he said earnestly.

"I'm just helping out in an emergency as a personal favor to my boss."

Marianne was regarding him uncertainly when Liz appeared.

"To what," Liz demanded, "are you up, William? Back to the mines, or it will be a piece of stale bread and forty lashes for you, my lad."

Bill introduced the two girls. "I was just telling Marianne how I happen to be impersonating a big shot."

"Liz is my new boss," he explained.

"Oh, I see," Marianne's smile

was restrained. "I didn't realise that you'd be working for a lady."

"You're too kind," Liz murmured.

Marianne looked at her. "I'm sure Billy is going to enjoy working for you, Miss Jordan. You seem to be on such cordial terms already."

"Oh, Liz and I are old friends," Bill interjected heartily.

"Now," Liz chided tenderly, "let's not bore Miss Marsh with reminiscences."

Her lips parted in a dawning smile. "I'm delighted to have had this opportunity of meeting you, Miss Marsh."

Bill's appreciative contemplation of her retreating figure was quickly interrupted.

"Well, I must finish my shopping," Marianne said. "Are you still planning to have dinner with us to-night?"

"Sure," Bill grinned down at her.

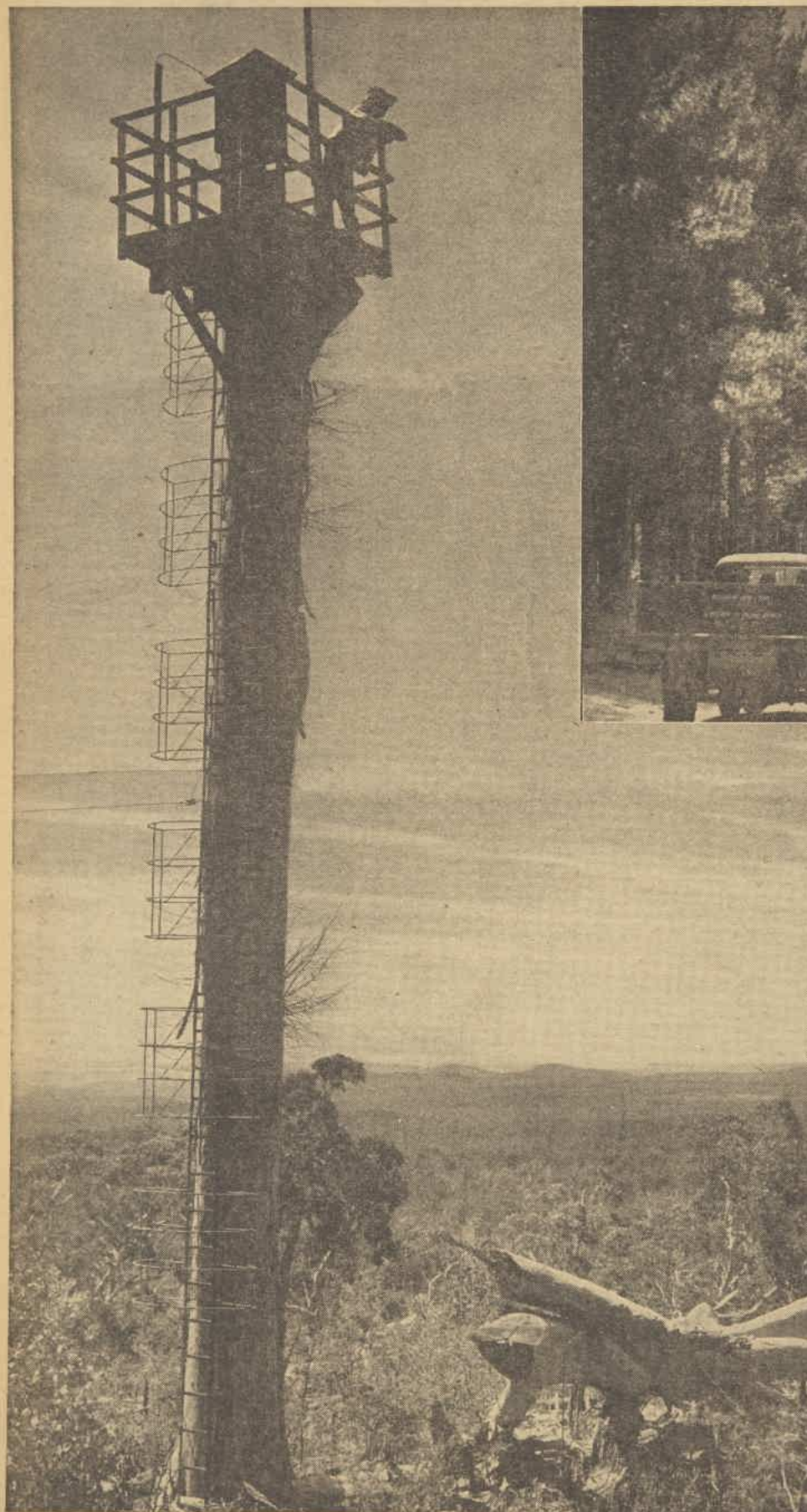
"See you at seven, then."

Toward the latter part of the afternoon Paul Daniels came over and clapped him on the back. "Nice going, old man. Come up to my office when this is over. We've planned a little shindig for you and Jones and Teller."



THE LITTLE SCOUTS

Fire-watching guardians of the tall timber



ROADS CUT THROUGH FORESTS prevent fire spreading, enabling water tanks to get close to site of the outbreak.

All the summer they keep a vigil against forest destruction

Australia's magnificent forests are one of her greatest assets, but during the summer months each year they are also one of her greatest worries.

In every one of the 19,000,000 acres of forest, which yield products annually worth approximately £11,000,000, there is potential disaster from fire.

The Australian Women's Weekly sent its special representative Betty Wilkinson and staff photographer Jack Hickson to Bargo, one of the most valuable forest areas in New South Wales, to report on fire prevention methods.

By BETTY WILKINSON

THIS is Bush Fire Prevention Week throughout Australia, and a campaign is being conducted to awaken public consciousness to the danger of fires this summer.

Main factor in preventing such disaster is the faithful, tireless service given by 25,000 forestry employees, who work hard for long hours in their unceasing efforts to save the timber in their area.

Methods used in each State to protect its forests are much the same, but details vary.

In every forest, protected by any of the State Forestry Commissions, key men are the trained fire-watchers, who man lookout towers.

Many of the men chosen for this job have been bushmen all their lives. They know and love every mile of the country they watch over.

With paternal care their keen eyes sweep over the timber-covered hills, watching for the first tiny wisp of smoke, which, neglected, will become a raging menace.

As soon as they see the tell-tale wisp they train their direction-finders on to it, take a bearing, and telephone it to headquarters. Here a second bearing is taken, and the

exact spot located on specially coordinated maps.

Immediately fire-fighting equipment is sent to the danger spot.

It is an unforgettable experience to stand on a lookout tower with a fire-watcher while he picks out a point of interest for 50 or 60 miles around.

Jim O'Brien, 65-year-old permanent fire-watcher at Bargo Forest, took me up his field wooden tower, built on The Gully lookout, 4700 feet above sea level.

Loves the forest

WITH eyes screwed up against the glare, and with sun glinting on his silver hair, Jim pointed out the main features of the wild, beautiful country.

Known to all the district as the belongs to a pioneering family and was born on the edge of the forest he loves and guards so well.

He has tried his hands at all things: farming, mining, sheep-keeping, dairy-farming. And now his passion is 80,000-acre Bargo Forest. When there is real fire danger Jim will not leave the small cabin in the tower.

One day last summer he was not even come down to get his

CROW'S NESTS form auxiliary lookouts at Bargo Forest, N.S.W. They are made by lopping treetops, and give wide view of country. In danger periods forestry employees man them constantly, watching for first sign of fire.



FOREMAN'S WIFE, Mrs. Harold O'Loughlin, who operates telephone switch at her home on Pilot Hill in Bago Forest.



WATER TANKS on trucks are filled from dams. Mr. Alan Murphy, truck driver, demonstrates use of 300-foot hose.



FIREWATCHER Jim O'Brien, on his lookout in Bago Forest, N.S.W., where he spends the summer months.

for fear he might miss the first sign of a fire.

It was a hard year for watching. Great dust clouds blew up from the west, making it almost impossible to see.

Jim told me sadly of the one fire he has ever missed seeing as soon as it broke out.

"I had bad luck," he said. "It was going for a good two hours before I saw it. Dust was too thick to see a thing."

But one miss is a good record. Jim has seen as many as 45 fires burning at the one time.

He locates the outbreak on the direction-finder in his cabin and reports to headquarters, a similar lookout on Pilot Hill, in another part of Bago. A cross-reading is taken from here, and the exact spot located on special maps.

Sometimes when Jim has felt nervous about the forest he has climbed up the tower at midnight to have a final look for the day.

But he knows the habits of fires well.

Night time and early morning are comparatively safe. Midday brings most of the trouble.

"It's those midday dinner fires you have to watch," Jim told me. "Picnickers are the trouble. We have little trouble with stockmen. They help all they can. You know, people don't think enough about fires."

"Why, I remember once after a fire hearing a little girl say, 'Daddy says that fire was a good thing, cleared the place up.'"

"That particular fire destroyed 500 acres of beautiful young pines. Each mature pine is worth \$7."

"Main fire danger is from outside," said the veteran, who for three years patrolled the forest on horseback. "You rarely find a fire starts inside Bago."

Fire-prevention equipment and methods used at Bago are typical of those in all States.

As well as the main lookout tower where Jim O'Brien is stationed, there

is Pilot Hill, a similar tower, and crow's nests are made for temporary watchers. To make these the top is sawn off a tall tree and a platform fixed on the remaining trunk. The tree is scaled by an iron ladder, and a telephone is always ready for use.

Telephones are the nerve centre of fire prevention in every forest.

In most cases the switchboards essential to their working are operated by women.

In the terrible 1939 fires which burned all over the country these women gave heroic service.

One woman at Wood Point, Victoria, stayed at the telephone even while flames were licking the wall of the building.

Snow damage

THE employment of women as switchboard operators in forests has evolved from the practice of foremen's wives or daughters looking after the telephone and then learning to operate switches as the more elaborate telephone systems have developed.

In such areas as Ballow there is immense damage to telephone lines during the winter months, when they are destroyed by snow and wind.

In Bago there are 45 miles of lines, and after last winter it took linesman Mr. Frank Lawson eight weeks to complete repairs.

Radio communication was tried out at Bago last year, and will come into use there as it is in many of our forests, but experts consider that it cannot replace telephones entirely.

Once the news that a fire is starting has been given by Jim O'Brien, or one of the temporary watchers, fire-fighting equipment is rushed to the outbreak.

A network of 400 miles of roads cuts Bago into small areas. Where timber is very valuable each area is 40 or 50 acres.

These roads prevent the fire spreading and enable trucks carrying water to get close to the base of the fire.

There are three complete fire-fighting outfits at Ballow, consisting of trucks fitted with water tanks, pumps, and hoses. Tanks vary in capacity from 150 to 500 gallons.

Water for the tanks is supplied from 40 dams built all over Bago, varying in capacity from 50,000 gallons to 400,000 gallons. Water is dammed by constructing rubble and timber walls on the upstream side of roadways.

If necessary fires are lit to meet the oncoming flames, while hoses keep it from spreading into any fresh areas.

Men equipped with shoulder tanks, carrying four gallons of water, play an auxiliary part in controlling any blaze.

On The Granite gales blow anything up to 70 miles an hour. The tower has to be held with four heavy wire guys sunk underground into eight feet concrete blocks.

Rain blows so fiercely against Jim O'Brien's wooden cabin that it goes through even nail holes as a fine spray.

For three years before Jim O'Brien was stationed at his present post, about 18 months ago, he patrolled the forest on horseback, watching with the same vigilance for fire danger and warning campers and picnickers of fire risk.

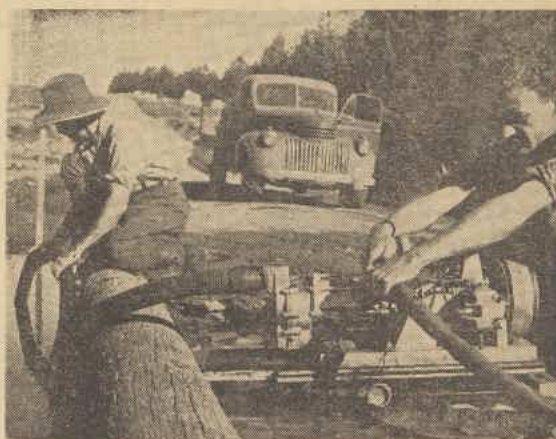
His wife died some years ago, and his family was grown-up and had left home, so he decided the life of a fire-watcher would suit him.

He spends the winter months in logging camps doing forestry work. From November until April he lives in a one-roomed wooden cabin on The Granite lookout.

His cabin sees little of him once



TOWER LOOKOUT. A permanent firewatcher is stationed in towers such as this in all State Commission forests, and reports fire outbreaks immediately.



HIGH-PRESSURE PUMP, installed recently at Bago, worked by foreman Harold O'Loughlin and forest officer Bernie Jackson pumps water through one mile of hose direct to fire.

the forest has dried out after the winter rain and snow; for he spends most of his days up his 66-foot wooden tower.

Jim O'Brien knows how serious a fire can be in Bago. The most valuable timber in this forest is ash, and few trees can be killed so easily by heat.

One fire through their tops brings disaster.

All that can be done is to cut them down at once and send them off to the sawmills, perhaps years before they have reached maturity.

Jim has plenty of callers. Men from logging camps know they will be greeted by a friendly smile and get a savory meal.

At 10 o'clock every morning he telephones to Pilot Hill, making his official report to Mrs. Harold O'Loughlin, wife of the hardwoods foreman.

Then comes one of Jim's great delights, a leisurely gossip.

On quiet days, when no one else wants the line, Jim settles down for a 15-minute talk. Cheerful Mrs. O'Loughlin tells him all the news.

Mrs. O'Loughlin will never forget Black Saturday in 1939, when she worked all night on Pilot Hill telephone switchboard.

"It was terrible. No one who has not seen it can understand what it is like. To see flames whip up the trees," she said.

"When you live with trees you get very attached to them. You hate to see them go."

For ten years Mrs. O'Loughlin has lived in Bago. She has tramped all through the forest with her husband while he branded timber.

"We are worse than graziers when it comes to scanning the skies for rain. We long for it and pray for it; for only after rain do we feel our forest is really safe."

Aeroplanes play an important part in fire prevention.

Victoria was the first State to use aircraft for spotting. It started in 1926.

When the weather bureau gives a bushfire warning the Forestry Commission of Victoria contacts the R.A.A.F., which sends out planes allocated to danger zones.

98WW1: Necklace of pretty, multi-coloured wooden beads makes a nice gift. 9/11
90WW1: Earrings to match the necklace are priced at 2/11 a pair.



Welcome Christmas Surprises

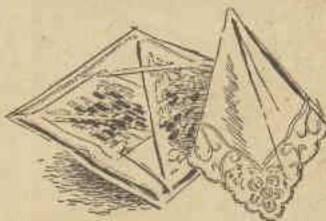
from **DAVID JONES**' the Store of the Christmas Spirit



46WW1: **"Heaven Scent"** Perfume by Jean Didier. Packed in box. At 5/-.

46WW2: **"Imperial Russe"** Perfume by London House. Price, boxed, 8/11.

Freight Extra



7WW1: **"Opal" Hankies** in pretty designs. Cellophane packed. 2 for 2/6.

7WW2: **Hankie** of lace-edged superfine Lawn makes a lovely gift. Each, 3/11.

No coupons



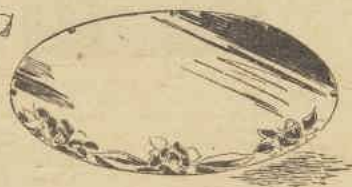
17WW1: **Sheer Stockings** are an ever-popular gift. They're fully fashioned, neat fitting, come in smoky greyish beige, burnished beige and blond beige; have stretchable lisle welts. Pair, 6/7.

No coupons



21WW1: **Handbag** of white grained leather; envelope shape. At 34/-.

21WW2: **White Handbag** of peccary grained leather with fancy gift frame. Mirror under front flap! At 47/3.



192WW1: **A Wall Mirror** makes a very acceptable gift, and we have oval, long oval, oblong tablet, round and hexagon shapes. Decorations are hand-made barbola. At 61/-.

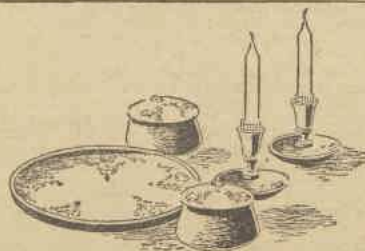
Freight Extra



192WW2: **Crumb Brush and Tray Set** in coloured design. At 6/11.

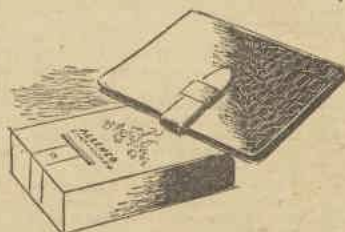
192WW3: **Savoury Tray** in interesting two-colour combinations, 10/9.

Freight Extra



192WW4: **Dressing Table Set** of hand-painted, turned wood, has 2 powder bowls, 2 candle sticks with matching candles, and a tray. Pink, blue, mauve, cream, green. 52/6.

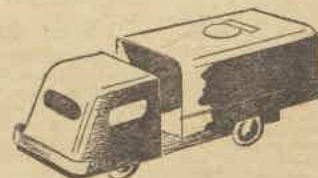
Freight Extra



11WW1: **Writing Compendium** made of solid leather. A nice gift. At 43/6.

11WW2: **"Allenco" Stationery**—48 sheets and envelopes. Imported paper. Comes in blue or white. Box, 3/6.

Freight Extra



191WW1: **Petrol Waggon**, called "Digger Junior," for the youngest man in the house. Made of metal. 11½ inches long. Brightly painted. At 8/6.

Freight Extra

DAVID JONES
BOX 503 A.A. G.P.O., SYDNEY

She's the Boss

Continued from page 15

"I ASKED him to come over last night," she replied with dignity, "hoping that he could shed some light on your extraordinary behaviour. After all, Billy, when the man you're going to marry tells you that he has a splendid position and the very next day you find him making a public spectacle of himself with signs and—"

"I wasn't making a spectacle of myself," Bill shouted. "I was doing a favor for my boss."

There was a grim silence. Marianne was the first to speak. "Miss Jordan is quite attractive," she remarked unexpectedly.

"Quite. She also happens to be very understanding," he said pointedly.

"Then she won't mind so much if you don't take the job, will she?"

"What do you mean? I've already taken it."

"Well—but you haven't started the work yet." Marianne stopped her chin in her hand and looked at him solemnly. "I've decided to forget about a June wedding, Billy. We'll get married right away and go off on a honeymoon, like you planned. Then when we come back you can find a nice job in a bank or something. How does that sound?"

"Why, it sounds fine," Bill said, trying to get his bearings. "But I don't see—what's made you change your mind so suddenly?"

"All this quarrelling. It wouldn't have happened if I hadn't made you get a job. Besides, it really isn't fair to expect you to do all the giving in, is it?"

"It's nice of you to look at it that way." Things were breaking for him in a hurry now, and much sooner than he had dared to hope. He realised that Marianne was looking at him expectantly, so he walked round the table to kiss her.

"And you'll tell Miss Jordan the first thing in the morning?"

"The first thing." Liz was on the phone when he walked into her office the next morning. She waved gaily and motioned him to a chair. He wished he didn't have to tell her that he wasn't going to take the job after all.

"Hi, sourpuss," she said, cradling the phone. "Straighten up and smile bright. I've just perjured myself and borne false witness to get you the office next door." She came round the desk and stood before him, hands clasped behind her, eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "It's just been redecorated, and they've promised to furnish it to order."

Bill rubbed his hands on his knees. "I've changed my mind, Liz. I'm not going to take the job."

"Not going to take it?" The light in her eyes faded. Then she smiled ruefully. "You've decided to stick to cartooning. Smart boy."

He shook his head. "Marianne's finally agreed to do things my way. We're going to be married next month, and go south for an indefinite stay. She wasn't too keen about my working here, anyway."

"Oh," Liz said. Her cheeks were suddenly pink. "First she won't marry you until you get a job. Now she'll marry you provided you don't take a job. I can hardly wait for to-morrow's communique."

"I want you to feel perfectly free to keep your opinions to yourself, Liz. Things have worked out exactly as I wanted them to, and I'm very happy. Very happy," he repeated firmly.

Her expression softened. "Are you, William? Then I guess that's all that matters."

"I guess it is," Bill got to his feet. "Well, take care, Liz."

She held out her hand. "Good-bye, Bill, and—good luck."

He wondered afterward if he should have invited her to the wedding, but he couldn't very well, because Marianne hadn't picked a definite day yet. According to her, their wedding day depended upon such things as how soon she could gather together a suitable trousseau.

One evening she showed him the guest-room bed piled high with towels, luncheon sets, sheets, and various unidentifiable items.

"Sure they're nice," he said. "They're fine. But why spend

time buying them now? Why not wait until we come back?"

"Because then we'll be busy shopping for furniture, stupid." She gave him a tender little smile. "Which reminds me. I bought the sweetest pair of end tables to-day. And I've ordered two precious lamps to go with them. Just think, the first pieces of our very own furniture. Isn't it thrilling?"

"Yeah," Bill said, feeling vaguely trapped. Tables and lamps reminded him of the little nest, and his forehead grew damp. He put his arms round her and said, "Look baby, let's concentrate on getting married and that honeymoon and forget about lamps and washcloths. Why, there'll probably be moths in this stuff before we're ready to set up housekeeping."

Marianne smoothed her skirt and folded her hands in her lap. "I was going to save it for a surprise," she said, "until I'd found our house, but I guess I better tell you now. The most wonderful thing has happened, Billy. We can settle down right after we're married, because Howard has found a simply scrumptious job for you. He says that you can start early next—"

"Just a minute," Bill said grimly, grabbing a handful of taffeta bedspread. "Let me get this straight. You say we aren't going to have a honeymoon because Howard has found me a job?"

She nodded happily. "As a lecturing guide at the Art Centre. Howard says it's an ideal position for you, providing security without cutting you off entirely from your natural interests. He says that enforced daily contact with large groups will speed up the adjustment process."

Bill's jaw finally relaxed enough to let the words out. "I wish that zombi would keep his nose out of my affairs," he roared. "And I wish he'd stop filling you full of screwball ideas about me. Once and for all, I am not a rehabilitation problem. And I am not going to let him turn me into one. A guide at the Art Centre! Ye gods!"

"A lecturing guide," Marianne interposed. "What are you so angry about, Billy? I think it's a splendid opportunity, and I think Howard was ever so nice to take the trouble to find it."

Bill stared at her suspiciously. "Did you ask him to get me a job?"

"I most certainly did. We have to think of the future, Billy, and after that awful day at Kinder's I could see that you wouldn't ever get a really respectable job for yourself. So I—"

"I see," Bill said. A great calm had overtaken him, and he saw many things.

He was surprised, when he put his arm round her, that he could feel so fatherly. "Baby," he said, "we may as well face the facts. We've stirred up a mess that obviously isn't going to jell. I vote we dump it, with no hard feelings."

Marianne stared at him for a moment and then jumped to her feet. Her face flushed and her thin lips grew thinner. "I knew it," she cried. "It's that Jordan woman. I could tell the minute I saw you together. You're in love with her, aren't you?"

Bill stood up. "I hadn't thought of it before," he said slowly, "but you have something there. Liz is certainly my kind of girl."

The nearest public telephone was two blocks away in a drugstore. Bill grinned as he consulted the directory. He was probably the only guy in the world who didn't know the telephone number of the girl he was going to marry. But he forgot about that and everything else when he heard Liz's voice.

"This is William I've seen-the-light Douglas," he said. "How would you like to meet me at the Kinkajou in twenty minutes? Miss Marsh and I parted company ten minutes ago when she accused me of being in love with you. I pleaded guilty."

"Oh, Bill." There was a short pause, and then her voice came running over the wire. "Take a big table, William. We have a lot of cards to put on it."

(Copyright)

MRS. A. NICHOLSON, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., read in The Australian Women's Weekly that services conducted by the fighting padre, "Happy Harry" Thorpe, for prisoners in Malaya always began and ended with the hymn "Fight the Good Fight."

This brought back childhood memories of the author of the hymn, Rev. Thomas Pollock, and his brother, Rev. James Pollock, who devoted their lives to working in the slums of Birmingham, England.

"I thought the A.L.P. boys would like to know that the man who wrote that hymn had to fight his battle in a terrible area called Vaughan's Hole. It was so bad policemen only went there in threes," said Mrs. Nicholson.

"My first recollection of the brothers is that they were always surrounded by children. At Sunday school picnics each year they let us plait their beards and hair with flowers. When they died we learned they had kept all those flowers, and the flowers were scattered in their graves."

"They came from a long line of soldiers and their father led a forlorn hope in one battle in the Peninsular War."

They all roared

WHEN our Adelaide correspondent went aboard H.M.S. Barfield, British destroyer, recently, she asked members of the crew if there had been any amusing incidents during the voyage to Australia.

They said yes, and told her some things they regarded as funny. Here they are:

A.B. Vernon Boles, of Somerset, said: "In the Mediterranean three depth-charges came adrift and rolled overboard. Luckily they didn't go off."

"And if they had gone off?"

"Well, we wouldn't be here now, I can tell you," he replied, laughing heartily.

Another instance: "We were practising on the guns and the shell exploded as soon as it was fired. It splintered the fo'ble and made an awful mess. Happened again the next day. No, nobody hurt."

Off Okinawa an American ship came alongside to refuel Barfield.

Just as the feeder pipe was secured, the gyro-compass of Barfield ceased functioning, with the result that Commander M. S. Townsend could no longer keep a straight course.

Barfield veered away from the American vessel with the pipe still connected.

Slowly it unwound until it was stretched across 150 yards of ocean. Then snap! A tremendous shower of oil sprayed out over both ships.

Every inch of deck and every man on deck was coated with oil.

It all depends on your sense of humor.



"Listen! You keep my mother out of this!"

IT ALL DEPENDS

(The official date of the end of the war has not yet been legally defined.)

FLOSSIE, who's frivolous, says it was when Nail polish was sold with brushes again. Mother maintains it won't really have ended Till the butcher says "Certainly, Madam, we'll send it." But Pop scans the international scene, And testily asks: "Which war do they mean?"

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

AT Whithorn in Wigtownshire, Scotland, couples do their courting in the cemetery. Vicar of the parish, the Rev. Harry Law, says that if the young people want to be alone and find it cheery in the cemetery, he does not object so long as they are quiet.

Doctor at Belsen

THOUSANDS of former Belsen inmates have blessed the name of Sir Raphael Cilento, of Brisbane, former Chief Medical Officer for Queensland.

Sir Raphael, who is 52 years old, distinguished-looking, was educated at Prince Albert College, Adelaide University, is now the head of UNRRA operations in the British Zone of Germany.

He was the power behind the organisation of the Glyn Hughes Hospital, when it was taken over by UNRRA for Belsen inmates.

Dr. Fischova-Gachova, of UNRRA, principal welfare officer at the Belsen Hospital, says she cannot find words to praise the work he has done.

"He is an inspiration to the staff and patients," she said. "Although he has so much to do he makes a point of visiting the patients separately, chats with them encouragingly. They regard him as an almost supernatural being, are always more cheerful as a result of a visit from him."

WHEN a big city store showed its first postwar evening frocks recently women rushed them, though prices were as high as £20 and £30. One woman fainted three times in the fitting room. Each time she came round she tried on another model, fainted again.

Language of love

GIRLS who have letters from boy-friends in the British Navy are sometimes surprised by mysterious lettering on the back of the envelopes.

A Melbourne girl received one from her fiancé marked "OOLAKOEK." Another sailor interpreted it as "Oceans of love and a kiss on every wave!"

"HOLLAND" and "EGYPT" mean respectively "Hope our love lives and never dies," and "Ever give you pleasant thoughts."

"BOLTOP" means "Better on lips than on paper," and "YAAIMH," "You are always in my heart."

Thrust and parry

QUEENSLAND'S Premier (Mr. Cooper) has his own method of dodging awkward questions by interviewers.

A feigned deafness and a sense of humor are his parry to reporters' thrusts.

Back from England, he was questioned on the controversial issue of Australian-born State Governors.

"Would an Australian succeed Sir Leslie Wilson?" asked a reporter.

Mr. Cooper feigned deafness.

The reporter repeated the question in a loud voice.

Mr. Cooper: I found the racing attendance in the Midlands greater than in Scotland.

Reporter (very loudly): I was asking about Australian-born Governors, Mr. Premier.

Mr. Cooper (very softly): Yes, I heard you the first time.

Mechanical mailbox

WE have just received a card from an R.A.A.F. officer in America, posted from the "mailomat" in Washington, D.C.

"What will they think of next?" he writes on the back of the card, which explains with pictures and blurb what a "mailomat" is.

"It is a coin-operated mailbox for people who have letters to mail—and no stamps."

"To mail the letter you drop the money into the coin slot, dial correct postage denomination, and insert letter into letter slot."

"The machine prints the postage and postmark on the letter, and it is later collected by a mailman."

The use of the mailomat in the U.S. during the war has helped to speed up postal facilities.

Ticks can wait

SCRUB ticks are very active this year. In Sydney alone they have killed 400 dogs.

The female of this species causes fatal paralysis in humans and domestic animals. After it has gored itself on one unwilling host it drops off to moult, and can live for as long as six months, resting on a blade of grass or a bush, awaiting its next victim.

Scrub ticks need moisture to live, so are not found inland. The tick belt extends along the east coast of Australia right to Cape York. It is about ten miles wide in the south, wider in the north.

Bandicoots, one of the tick's hosts, are protected animals. It is possible they may play an important part in tick research work.

They are native marsupials, and comparatively harmless. They do good work as pest destroyers in the bush, although apt to drive gardeners frantic as they burrow in newly dug soil for beetle-grubs.

Test too thorough

A CONTROVERSY has been raging between the States of Idaho and Maine, U.S.A., as to which grows better potatoes.

In Washington five Congressmen tested potatoes from both States. They ate a revolting meal of potato soup, fried and baked potatoes, and potato pancakes.

Nobody was surprised when, after this ordeal, the Congressmen could not make up their minds.

It is whispered that all five decided they would never eat potatoes again.

Officially the contest was declared a draw.

Grateful

WORLD leader of the Salvation Army, General Carpenter, speaking at a Lord Mayor's reception in Melbourne recently, told the following story.

An Australian soldier, tired, cold, and hungry, arrived at a Salvation Army post on the battlefield.

After being clothed and fed he turned round and said:

"Gosh, I didn't know you Sallies were so good. I'll get you a hall of a lot of converts for this."

Surprise packet

THE Rev. A. G. Moore, vicar of St. Luke's, Kentish Town (near London), received a registered letter from the post office recently.

The letter said that a postal package had arrived for Mr. Moore from Australia; would he please come to the post office to be present while officials examined it.

"Vision of gold nuggets danced before my eyes," said Mr. Moore. "or, almost as good, some tins of Australian fruit."

"I went to the post office. Great secrecy prevailed. Three officials came in and shut the door."

"The parcel was produced, but only the head official was allowed to touch it. It was slowly unwrapped. Layer after layer of paper was unwound."

"The last piece of paper was taken off amid terrific excitement, to reveal—a piece of wedding cake half an inch square and two inches thick."

Helena Rubinstein says . . .

This is the "expert" way to beauty . . .

Make a date with your mirror.

Study your skin carefully, honestly.

Choose the Helena Rubinstein beauty treatment created for the special needs of your skin. Follow it faithfully.

This is the 'expert' way . . . the quickest, most effective way to beauty.

If your skin is *Dry*

Cleanse and massage with rich-textured PASTEURISED FACE CREAM SPECIAL to soothe and soften parched skin . . . from 6/6.

Smooth away every trace of flakiness with SEMI-LIQUID CLEANSER—refreshing, leaves skin like satin . . . 5/3.

TOWN AND COUNTRY FOUNDATION. To give your complexion a lovely radiance, and to hold make-up fresh and immaculate for hours, use this most loved of all foundations . . . 6/6.

For the extremely dry skin Helena Rubinstein recommends her famous PERFECTION CREAM as an overnight beauty treatment. Its special blend of emollients keeps skin soft, smooth as velvet . . . 7/7.

If your skin is *Oily*

Wash frequently with BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE SOAP, clears away excess oil and impurities . . . 2/-. Follow immediately with PASTEURISED FACE CREAM to give your skin a smooth fine texture . . . from 3/7.

SKIN CLEARING CREAM. A stimulating emollient, essential for skin that has lost its smooth texture and radiance through neglect or ill-health. It gives a promise of new beauty . . . 5/3.

SNOW LOTION. Liquid powder foundation with medicated properties . . . helps to heal blemishes and minor disturbances. Gives exquisite softness to skin . . . 5/3.



★ For
Christmas ★



Here again are those good-looking BEAUTY CASES to gladden someone's heart on Christmas morn. Fitted for day and night beauty care and in two versions, for dry or oily skin. LEATHER in Blue and Brown—46/4/6.

CANDY STRIPED CHARM BOXES—Fitted to individual needs.

Give lovely APPLE BLOSSOM Preparations, for sweet fragrance—Body Sachet . . . 7/7; Spotlight Foundation . . . 7/7; Powder . . . 7/7; Lipstick . . . 7/11; Rouge . . . 6/6. HAND LOTION to keep hands delicately soft and well groomed . . . 6/6.

Available from Leading Stores and Chemists throughout Australia, or

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HARRY NOTT, who composes "Serenade," broadcast from Station 2GB every Monday at 9.30 p.m.

Orchestra of human voices

"Serenade," a session from Station 2GB which features an "orchestra" of human voices, is celebrating its second anniversary.

Members of this "orchestra" supply background music as well as singing in parts.

THE SERENADERS present arrangements of all the popular songs as well as ballads and excerpts from opera. One of the main features of the show is musical comedy song hits.

The orchestra is made up of Fred Webber and his Melodiers, who are Alan Light, Webber himself, Neil Easton, and Arthur Ward, and seven girls, Celia Austin, Jean White, Joan Shipp, Norma Beattie, Betty Collins, Cassie Hughes, and Gussie Johnson.

All these singers, as well as supplying background music, are featured as soloists from time to time.

The only person in the show who plays an instrument is Mammie Reed, piano accompanist.

"Serenade" was largely responsible for bringing back to popularity the art of singing duets. The blending of two voices in song has proved so popular that it has become one of the mainstays of the session.

When "Serenade" first went on the air it featured a spot, "Rising Star," in which youngsters with outstanding voices were given a chance to prove their ability before a wider audience.

Among the younger stars who had their first chance on the "Serenade" programme and have now gone on to bigger things are Joy Hoodless, Shirley Wallwork, Ron Jackson, Joan Boots, and Joyce Arthur.

Harry Nott, who composes "Serenade," claims to have made a record in radio with 391 successful shows over the air during a period of six years without missing a single show. He has composed 108 "Serenades," 222 radio matinees, and 50 other shows during that time.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Dec. 6 (from 4.30 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau Session.
FRIDAY, Dec. 7: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Revers in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Dec. 8: "Among My Savoniers."
SUNDAY, Dec. 9 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Dec. 10: "Melody Four-somers."
TUESDAY, Dec. 11: Goodie Revers presents "Musical Quiz."

Fashion PATTERNS



F4055

F4056



670

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 670—SMALL GIRL'S FROCK AND MATCHING HAT

The pattern for this sweet little frock and hat to match is clearly traced on a rayon crepe-de-chine in pale pink and chalk-white, or on a British cotton cambric in shades of pale lemon, pink, green, and blue, and is ready for you to cut out and stitch together, with full instructions for making included. Design features high neckline, puff sleeves, tiny shoulder yoke, and inset full-front panel skirt. Hat is a poke-bonnet shape, edged with self ruffle, tying under chin.

In Rayon Crepe-de-chine: Frock and hat, 1 to 2 years, 15/6 (5 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 15/11 (5 coupons). Postage 7½d. extra.
In British Cotton Cambric: Frock and hat, 1 to 2 years, 10/8 (5 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 10/11 (5 coupons). Postage 7½d. extra.

No. 671—USEFUL LAUNDRY BAG

Traced clearly on tough-wearing cotton in shades of lemon, green, or plain white, this pegbag with cute motif is traced clearly on cardboard and made up. Binding and hanger not supplied. Price, 2/11, postage 2½d. extra.

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No. 672—ATTRACTIVE TELEPHONE BOOK COVER

The design for this pretty telephone book cover is traced clearly on British cotton in shades of pale blue, beige, and light grey. It has a floral design and the word "Telephone" for working. Price, 2/11, postage 2½d. extra.



672

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"ROSINA"—Smart shirt, shorts, and skirt in check cotton

This sweet, particularly smart outfit has been specially fashioned in a crease-resisting check cotton, and is ideal for play wear. The check is small (1in.) and shows predominating stripes of red and blue on white, navy and red on white, gold and green on white, yellow and red on white. The skirt features the new, extended shoulder-line, and has front button fastening with a single breast pocket. The shorts are tailored with straight legs, side fastening, and self-belted waist. The shirt is gathered fully into a self waistband and finished with a button placket.

READY TO WEAR

Shirt: 32 and 34in. bust, 17/6 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 18/3 (6 coupons). Postage 7½d. extra. Shorts: 32 and 34in. bust, 10/11 (5 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 11/4 (5 coupons). Postage 7½d. extra. Skirt: 32 and 34in. bust, 24/6 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 26/11 (7 coupons). Postage 7½d. extra. Complete set: 32 and 34in. bust, £2/10/0 (18 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, £2/4/0 (18 coupons). Postage 1/11½ extra.

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Shirt: 32 and 34in. bust, 13/6 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 13/11 (6 coupons). Postage 7½d. extra. Shorts: 32 and 34in. bust, 14/11 (5 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 15/6 (5 coupons). Postage 7½d. extra. Skirt: 32 and 34in. bust, 18/11 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 19/6 (7 coupons). Postage 7½d. extra. Complete set: 32 and 34in. bust, £2/8 (18 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, £2/4/0 (18 coupons). Postage 1/11½ extra.

F4055—Charming suit for summer wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F4056—Smart frock and bolero for now and later in the year. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide, with 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F4057—A truly pretty nightgown for you. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide, with ½yds. lace trim. Pattern, 1/10.

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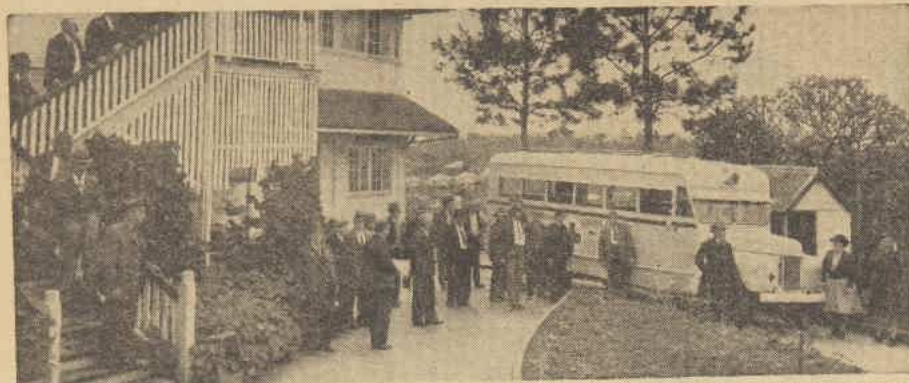


F4059

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RED CROSS PEACETIME ACTIVITIES

(ADVERTISEMENT)



VETERANS OF THE 1914-1918 WAR at an Aged War Veterans' Home ready for their weekly outing in a Red Cross bus. There will be many men from this war also needing continued attention.



A DONOR GIVING BLOOD for the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service, which must play as life-giving a part in peacetime as it did during the war years.



BLIND CHILDREN work for Junior Red Cross. These children are trained in handcrafts, which enable them to make a variety of useful articles, as well as to keep themselves happily occupied. These children, apparently so helpless, help themselves through Red Cross.

For many people, the coming of peace has meant a completely different way of life, a clean break from the past six years, and a new existence ahead. For Red Cross peace brings no change, except in the nature of the task; the work that has been carried on during the past years must continue.

In peace as in war, there will be suffering and sickness, and it is the special task of Red Cross to do what it can to lighten the burdens of those who come within its scope. There is the sad aftermath of war, the sick and wounded servicemen and women, many of whom will spend years in hospitals; there are prisoners of war who will need time and help to readjust themselves physically and mentally; there are the servicemen who have been discharged through sickness or wounds, and whom Red Cross is proud to serve. These are the first charge on Red Cross, a responsibility gladly carried, and one which alone would justify the continued existence of the Society.



RED CROSS HANDCRAFT WORKER demonstrates a two-shaft loom. Handcraft is earning increasing recognition as a means of occupying the minds of sick and convalescent men, and helping them back to health by keeping them interested and free from boredom.



MERCY SHIP TAKES ON STORES. Red Cross relief has been sent to Greece, Poland, Singapore, China, the Philippines, and wherever the need existed. That need is not over; it will last until the war-shattered world has been restored to order.

RED CROSS must by its nature look first to the serviceman, but it has an even wider commission, through which it touches the life of every man, woman, and child in Australia. Thousands of men who have served in the armed forces owe their lives to the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service. This life-giving force is being expanded so that it will be available, free of charge, for every Australian in every State of the Commonwealth.

EX-SERVICEMEN and women, especially prisoners of war, will sometimes need help to adjust themselves to civilian life. The Red Cross Social Service Department is ready to come to their assistance with trained social and medical social workers, and in order that social workers may train at Australian universities, the Society will continue to make scholarships available.

IN military hospitals and Red Cross convalescent homes throughout Australia, men living in enforced idleness are fighting the boredom and restlessness that help to delay their recovery. Red Cross plans to provide diversional therapy for these men through workshops staffed by personnel trained in all types of handcraft.

RED CROSS Libraries will be continued in military hospitals, and, where possible, installed in civilian institutions as well.

NOT all the men and women who fought in this war can return immediately to civil life. Red Cross, which is still looking after veterans of the 1914-1918 war, will maintain homes and sanatoria to care for those who need it, and also for certain civilian cases.

RED CROSS voluntary workers will be organized, and Junior Red Cross expanded. Workers will be trained for helping in hospitals, for hospital visiting, for helping invalids and the disabled, and for providing transport.

The war is over, but the work goes on. For six years you have toiled loyally and self-sacrificingly for Red Cross; with so much to be done in the future, your help is needed more than ever. It is a noble thing to work for the good of those who place their lives between us and an enemy; it is even more glorious to work for a peaceful country, a happy country, in which men can live without fear. You have finished the work of war; will you carry on with the work of peace?



A RED CROSS LIBRARY, well patronized by convalescent servicemen. Books, which are always friends and weapons against ennui, are doubly important to the sick and convalescent; Red Cross plans to extend its library services throughout military, and, where possible, civil hospitals.



GILBULLA Red Cross Rehabilitation Farm, N.S.W., provides an opportunity for ex-servicemen of this war to spend some time at healthy outdoor work while they readjust themselves to civil life. The time spent at farm work pays ample dividends in health and contentment.

The Commando Touch

HOURS later Henry was listening to the boys talking about bombers. "That boss will be a sitting shot," one of them said, "but they're not just standing round hitting their nails. They tell me they'll be driving cattle on pretty well all night."

Henry went outside and looked up at the moon, thinking of bombers and a blue-shirted girl, and worrying because they were mixed up in his thoughts.

There had been no sounds of driven cattle for a long time; but now he heard them again, bawling as they moved round the jetty. He figured it would be some time before the herd reached the jetty, and Ann—he was thinking of her as Ann—would be free to make her call. So he walked out on the road, through the freight yard, and stopped to the right of the jetty.

The winches of the lighted ship were clanking busily. The tide was a long way out, way past the end of the jetty.

Henry became restless as the cattle made slow progress to the jetty. He had been trained in swift-moving action, but the lumbering north-west cattle with the big horns he had seen on stock-routes coming south walked slowly. It was eleven before the head of the drive entered the cattle-race and went up toward the ship with nervous snorts.

Henry stood up, but remained where he was. The moon was so bright he could almost see the whites of the eyes of the native horsemen who had driven the leaders into the stock chute. He wondered whether Ann would be at the tail of the drive or midway along. He didn't know how they handled cattle drives and smiled. Ann would laugh at that ignorance herself.

Then the church bell began to toll again, and Henry's heart jumped. This time there was no breathing space. He heard the engines of planes almost at the same time.

He looked at the jetty again. The cattle were streaming along the race, bawling. And then he saw Ann sitting her stationary horse just short of the entrance. She must have heard the sound of the engines above the noise of the moving cattle because the drumming was loud now, but she didn't even look up. Not even when the first bomb struck the exposed sea-bed beyond the ship.

Henry heard guns roar then, and another bomb explosion. There was a plane almost overhead. A bomb from it dropped just in from the beach, and the screams of injured cattle rose. Henry saw Ann's horse rear and jump as the line of cattle broke. It jumped from the jetty to the beach.

The night was now filled with shattering noises. Henry, with his eyes fixed on the huddle on the beach, leaped from the bank. That was something he had been trained to do without breaking a leg. He saw Ann struggling to sit up, but the horse lay still. Just before he reached her he saw something else. The cattle were stampeding and spilling down the jetty embankment to the beach, a torrent of craned heads on a run which, as soon as it reached the beach, began to swirl this way and that.

Ann was moaning faintly. One leg was beneath the dead horse. He slipped the saddle and lifted, and she pulled her leg free. He worked silently. Quiet action was one of the commando's texts.

A plunging steer upset his balance as he bent over to help her. He knew what was happening on the beach. Just now the terrified beasts were a greater danger than the bombs. It was certain death to get caught between their plunging bodies and beneath their milling hoofs. He lifted her and ran. He ran the way he had come. He had been trained to run with heavy loads.

A stream of cattle got between him and the cliff, but half-way along it broke as a steer blindly turned and was followed. He was back enough when he reached the cliff, and swung her on his back.

He spoke for the first time then. "Hang round my neck," he

Continued from page 5

ordered. "Not so that you'll choke me though."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw another stream coming along hugging the bank. He reached up, caught hold of a root, tested it, and swung.

He got a higher grip while his boots made footholds. Right behind him was the thunder made by the stampede, but he was only conscious of quick breath on his neck, and the job of getting up the bank.

Getting over the lip was the worst, but commandos had a system which took that hazard in also. When he was clear he reached behind for Ann, and lifted her gently down. The planes and the guns and the bombs were no more; thundering hoofs and clashing horns and gigantic panting were the only sounds. He said urgently, "Now tell me where you're hurt."

"My ankle," she said, and immediately he began taking off her shoe.

The milling herd seemed to be steady. He worked busily and then sat back on his heels.

"It's not broken," he said, "it'll be all right in a week." He grinned at her.

After a little while she was grinning back at him.

"I take back all what I thought and said about your outfit," she said.

"That's all right," he said. He felt for his cigarettes. She said soberly, "None of our boys could have done that. It was a trap; you came in and got me out. I want to thank you and apologise."

She reached out and touched his arm. The gesture was an earnest one, but her eyes were full of fun. "You could be a human spider in any real circus," she said.

He laughed. "Just wait and see what we'll do after we've eaten a few witchetty grubs and taro roots," he promised.

(Copyright)

Rendezvous With Death

Continued from page 7

"STOP that now!" Grogan ordered Essie. "Get over there and keep quiet, or wait till I send for you."

She collapsed into a chair, and he turned to Marjorie. "Now then, Mrs. Curtis, which bedroom were you in?"

"The big room, of course, overlooking the water. I was changing my frock."

"Then your husband could have slipped out without you seeing?"

"He couldn't... No, impossible!" Marjorie said fiercely. "I mean, I'd have heard the slightest movement—everything was so quiet."

Leith came in just then.

"Where's Yates?" asked Grogan.

"Having a shower. He'll be over in a minute."

Essie began crying hysterically.

William said: "Look here, I'm afraid this is too much for my wife. She oughtn't to be in on this, it's too upsetting for her."

"Yes, it's pretty upsetting for Pike to be up there with his head busted in. Right above your flat it was, Mr. Scott. Did you hear anything? What time did you come home?"

"We haven't been out," William said. "Not since you were there at five o'clock."

"Were you together?"

"Part of the time. I lay down for an hour. My wife came in to dress. She went into the bathroom and I went into the sitting-room."

"Where's Yates?" Grogan asked again.

"I told you, he'll be over. He's having a shower." Leith sounded as though his temper weren't too even, either.

"What's he doing that for? I told everyone to come over here. What have you been doing in the last twenty minutes?"

"Messing round."

"That's no answer. What have you been doing?"

"I went down to the shop."

"Oh, you did? See Pike?"

"Yes. I went into his office to give him some money." Automatic-

ally he put his hand into his pocket and brought out a fistful of notes.

"Those ones?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you give them to him then?"

"I don't know. He seemed to go all screwy all of a sudden. He said something about a date and ran out while he was writing my receipt."

"Did you follow him?"

"No, I went into the shop. I got some cigarettes and came back and walked up. The lift wasn't working."

Grogan looked at him steadily for a moment. "The lift wasn't working? Why wasn't it?"

Leith said, quite simply: "Someone had put a flower-pot in the door. I noticed it when I got to the top."

"Why didn't you take it out?"

"Oh, I don't know. It wasn't my business. I just thought they wanted to hold the lift for a moment while they ran back for something they'd forgotten."

Miss Krauss entered, walking in front of a constable. Grogan's first questions seemed to terrify her.

"The lady will tell you." Her eyes sought Marjorie's frantically.

"I was there. I was making ready a chicken for the oven."

"Kitchen door open?"

"No, it was not open."

"Where were Commander Curtis and Mrs. Curtis?"

"How do I know? Dressing, having a bath, reading. What they always do."

"Did either of them leave the flat while you were in the kitchen?"

That note of injured contempt rose in Miss Krauss' voice: "How should I know? I have told you I was cooking. I do not see, I do not hear. I was listening to the music."

"The what?"

"The music."

"The radio, eh?"

"Ja. It was playing waltzes from Old Vienna."

Grogan turned to Marjorie. "Oh,

so the radio was on, was it? What about all this dead quiet, Mrs. Curtis? You could have heard your husband if he'd stirred from his chair. And yet Miss Krauss in the kitchen can hear the radio going full blast evidently."

Marjorie's tongue went over her dry lips. "I didn't hear it."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

She didn't answer. He let the silence hang a minute, and then took the wash-leather gloves out of his pocket and threw them down.

"Whose gloves are those?"

Everyone stared at them as they lay on the table, damp and crumpled and stained with earth. At last William picked one up.

"Why, they're mine," he said slowly. "Where did you get hold of these?" He turned them over.

Grogan surveyed him. "On the roof."

"On the roof?"

"Yes. Someone didn't want their finger-prints left on a shiny flower-pot."

Essie gave a scream.

"William..." She rushed across the room and snatched the glove out of his hand. "But he didn't have them, nor did I."

"Who did then?"

"Miss Krauss. He brought them home with him and I gave them to her this afternoon and told her to wash them."

Miss Krauss' black eyes glowed angrily.

"That is what I did," she said. "I did, I did. I washed them and put them up there—in the sun, to dry... I could not know that they would murder Pike."

"What time did you take them?"

"I cannot say. They are already there before I begin to make my cooking. If I was to know—"

Essie began to cry hysterically again.

"Is Yates going to spend the whole evening under that shower?"

Grogan shouted above her clamor. "Look, Mr. Scott, you'd better take your wife home, if she can't keep quiet. William led her out. The Inspector signed to a constable. 'Go in next door and bring Yates here.'"

Leith took a step forward. "Hold on, it's no use going in there."

"What do you mean?"

"He's not there."

"Not there?"

"No. He wasn't there when I got back from the shop."

Grogan strode up to him. "Where's he gone?"

"Home, I guess—if he can get there."

"Then why did you say he'd be here in a minute if you knew he wouldn't?"

"I thought it'd be better for him if he could get back up country and perhaps get his old man to fix up this cheque business."

The Inspector turned to Nora.

"You were in here, Miss Russell—did he come in here to tell you he was going, to say good-bye?"

"No, he didn't... I didn't see him." Nora's voice sounded faint.

Grogan walked to the window and looked out. In a minute he turned back again.

"Go and have a look in the flat," he said to the constable, "and see if he's left a message."

The lift was coming up as the constable left, and Manning got out and came in. While he was talking into the inspector's ear the constable came back. He waited for Manning to finish. "Well?" Grogan asked.

"Can't get in, sir. The door's bolted. Couldn't get an answer."

Before the constable had finished speaking, Grogan was out on the landing.

"Here, come on, get it open, boys! Hey, Lea, bust in the door."

The door gave way under Manning's fourteen stone, and they spilled into the flat. The sound of splintering wood drowned the report of a revolver shot.

Round the bulky forms of the policemen the group outside could see the body lying in the doorway between the hall and the sitting-room—the body of William Scott with Bob's service revolver beside him and a bullet through his brain.

Please turn to page 24

What's on your mind?

Rehearsals for music lovers

To help listeners understand and appreciate the work of the various instruments in the orchestra, the Australian Broadcasting Commission might well follow the lead of some American transmitting stations and broadcast our symphony orchestra rehearsals.

The listener, whose lack of musical education is a drawback to full appreciation, would have an opportunity to learn the music and enjoy it more deeply when hearing the final performance.

Swing fans could have their own special programmes broadcast during rehearsal.

These rehearsals could be recorded and edited in the studio before they were broadcast. The afternoon would be a suitable time for broadcasting them.

21 to "Music Lover," Edward St., Norwood, S.A.

Germproof phones

IT is time we concentrated more on the health of the people. How much more hygienic it would be in telephone booths if one re-

leased disinfectant fumes when the pennies were placed in the slot. This would destroy any germs left by the previous occupant. This might be a costly undertaking, but the result would justify the amount spent.

5/- to Miss N. Bourke, 357 Auburn Road, Hawthorn, Vic.

leaved disinfectant fumes when the pennies were placed in the slot. This would destroy any germs left by the previous occupant.

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5/- to Miss N. Bourke, 357 Auburn Road, Hawthorn, Vic.

Clear slums first

BUILDING modern towns in the far north of Australia was advocated by P. Middlehurst, of Cambridge (10/11/45).

No mention was made of the necessity of good, reliable water storages to tide these "dream cities" over the dry and hot seasons and

make possible the continuous production of food crops, fruit, and vegetables, and fodder crops for cattle.

The idea is sound, but the perspective is all wrong. Remove the uncertainty from production first and reduce isolation.

It might be a good idea to set the imagination and the town-planners to work on rebuilding some of the slum areas of our capital cities before building new cities in the remote corners of our vast continent.

5/- to Miss H. H. McDonald, c/o W.A.A.F. Officers' Mess, Ethan Avenue, Darling Point, N.S.W.

Eliminate cruelty

"WHAT is physically possible can be made financially possible."

Now that men, materials, and machinery are available there seems no reason why every farmer and grazier cannot be equipped with rabbit-proof fencing. This would eliminate to a great extent one of the most diabolical forms of cruelty.

Having lived in the country for four years I have seen the appalling cruelty caused by the use of rabbit-traps. Often an animal with its leg crushed and mangled has to suffer through the night and often for part of the day if the "setter" has not found time to look at his traps.

5/- to Miss L. A. Smith, Dooralong, via Wyong, N.S.W.

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



News from the studios

By Cable from
VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

ENGLAND'S crop of movie beauties which Hollywood grabbed recently are putting on weight with alarming rapidity. They are Peggy Cummins, Helen Campbell, Pat Kirkwood, and Patricia Roc.

All of them are saying that they cannot resist the unlimited supplies of eggs, steaks, and oranges which they rarely saw in England. The girls say that they average 15lb. weight increase each.

WHILE Hollywood wonders if blond Sonja Henie intends a permanent merger with redheaded Van Johnson when her divorce with Dan Topping is finalised, Topping is escorting former model, actress Kay Sutton.

A NEW love team is planned by Warners by teaming Lauren Bacall and Helmut Dantine. Lauren has now made two films with Bogart, one with Boyer, and now one with Dantine.

WHILE chatting with Lana Turner I learned that she had turned talent scout.

"I was walking on the set at Metro when I heard an electrician in the catwalk overhead singing beautifully. I called him down, and found he was a young man named Don Perone, who seemed of excellent screen type, so they are testing him this week," she said.



DANA ANDREWS, tall Teran, had dozens of jobs of all kinds before he got a film contract. Now he is one of the most sought after leading men. His next film for Fox is "State Fair" in which he co-stars with Jeanne Crain.

THE Humphrey Bogarts and their close friends, the Peter Lorres, who married simultaneously, plan a joint yachting and bear-hunting trip when they finish their current picture. Peter married cute Karen Verne, Austrian actress.

I NOTICED a gaunt, grey-haired man quietly lunching in a Metro restaurant, and was informed that he was Lew Ayres, returning to visit old cronies. He has no plans about making pictures yet, but is looking over the scene with a possible eye to the future.

Film Reviews

★★★★ I LIVE IN GROSVENOR SQUARE

THE highly promising new British romantic team of Anna Neale and Rex Harrison appears in this charming release from BEF.

Though the film is too long, it is remarkable for the honest and successful effort it makes to portray the mutual misunderstandings which arose when American soldiers were billeted in English homes. Touches of humor and tragedy are well handled.

As British Major David Bruce, who loses his fiancée to an American and who also loses a political election, Rex Harrison is outstanding, with a beautifully balanced performance. He is well supported by Miss Neale (Lady Patricia), who does the best job of her film career. High credit also is due to U.S. star Dean Jagger. His restrained, thoughtful study of the American surgeon who falls in love with a duke's granddaughter is first-class.

Robert Morley is grand as the Duke of Exmouor, and a thoroughly competent cast includes Nancy Price and Irene Vanbrugh.—Embassy; showing.

★★ BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

WARNERS have done a face-lifting job on the old play "Outward Bound" in presenting a modern version of the unrelieved drama of the hereafter, which was filmed once before by Warners in 1930. The current version has been neatly produced by Mark Hellinger.

This time most of the passengers on the "ghost ship" are victims of an air raid who tell their stories to the Judgment Day examiner (Sydney Greenstreet). Of the passengers, best performances are those of Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker as a Free French couple who had attempted suicide. Next to them come John Garfield as a cynical journalist and his girl-friend, Faye Emerson.—Tatler; showing.

★ DELIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS

A CURIOUS hotchpotch of Strauss songs and "swing" numbers is included in United Artists musical featuring youngster Jane Powell, Constance Moore, and Ralph Bellamy.

Teen-age Jane makes a good job

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

of the role of a bobby-soxer who imagines that her sister (Constance Moore) is a big musical star and finds she is only a small figure in burlesque. Both girls eventually land in a "big time" show by singing Strauss music in "swingtime." Bellamy's talents are wasted in the role of stage producer.—Civic; showing.

★ BREWSTER'S MILLIONS

IT can only be surmised that a dearth of escapist plots is the reason for United Artists' edition of this farce, which appeared first as a stage play forty years ago.

Jack Buchanan was starred in a British film version of the hoary old number some years ago, and now Dennis O'Keefe has the role of the young man who will inherit eight millions provided he can spend one million in two months. O'Keefe looks suitably harassed by the task, and he gets fair support from Helen Walker, Gail Patrick, Mischa Auer, and Eddie "Rochester" Anderson.—Empire; showing.

Rendezvous With Death

Continued from page 23

"SCOTT planned it neatly," Grogan was saying an hour or so later. "He only made one small slip—about that vase—but it gave me a line. When you first told me about the quarrel over it, Mrs. Curtis, you called it Vienna china, and so did Miss Ashworth."

"Yes," Marjorie said, "that's what Miss Krauss called it when she spoke of it to me."

"Well, when I took it to Finkelstein to see what it was worth, he said, 'A very nice little piece of Dresden.' Now later this afternoon Scott called it Dresden, too. See? I reckoned it was too much of a coincidence for him to mention the right make of china when nobody else did. Then, Finkelstein said it was most likely one of a pair."

"You mean there were two identical vases?" Nora exclaimed. "That's right, Miss Russell. It didn't seem too likely, did it, that Miss Ashworth had really stolen Miss Breen's? So I reckoned that the other one had somehow been in Scott's possession for years. When Miss Ashworth married him and came to live here, where he'd been living, she re-decorated the flat. I guessed she must have put away a lot of junk belonging to him, and that vase was among it."

"Miss Breen must have found it on the top shelf when she went looking for something to put those carnations in, and naturally she thought it was hers."

"But wait a minute," Nora interrupted. "Miss Breen's vase had disappeared. I know, because I helped her to look for it."

"Too right it had," Grogan said with a smile. "We found bits of it in the furnace slag this evening. 'Fraid you must have gathered it up with the packing-paper and pushed it into the incinerator the afternoon you unpacked it."

"But how did Scott come to have the twin of Miss Breen's vase?" Owen asked.

Grogan answered indirectly: "Seems as though Miss Breen always had a weakness for young soldiers. Well, years ago, over in England, after the last war, William Scott must have been quite a good-looking young Digger. There can only have been one reason why he had to murder her when he saw her name on the tenants' board as a new tenant coming in the day before he left for Melbourne."

Owen said, "An earlier marriage with her, do you mean?"

"That's what I mean. I think the English police'll find the marriage record all right. You can see how it must've been, twenty-odd years ago. Him a young soldier—a bit of a bad egg—her ten years older—good old family, most likely—goes off the deep end and marries him, and then regrets it. They

quarrel and separate, and she takes her maiden name again."

"Then his marriage with Essie was bigamous?"

"Yes. A nasty sentence, if you cop it. Tough on him, he must have thought. He'd made money and settled down with a new, pretty wife, and then one day the old one comes along for the special purpose, he may have thought, of busting up his life."

Nora asked: "What made you first suspect that he and Miss Breen had been married?"

"Well, in that blue leather scissors-case that she was so anxious you shouldn't see, I noticed the mark of a ring—a wedding ring. Scott must have talked with her last night on the roof. I reckon he knew from his wife's letters that she was in the habit of walking up there late. You can bet Miss Ashworth didn't only complain to Pike about it."

"The way I see it, she must have got soft on him again. And she ran down and got that ring to show him that she'd kept the symbol of their short happiness together. The thing he'd kept and forgotten about was the vase. Some time, during all those years, he must have learnt that it was Dresden, though Miss Breen called the pair Vienna."

"Miss Ashworth wasn't familiar with that stuff on the shelf in her kitchen. To prove that, I took a small box from there and filled it with lozenges and offered her one. She shied away from the lozenges, but she never showed any sign of recognising the box."

"How was it Miss Breen didn't notice Scott's name on the tenants' board?" Leith asked.

"Scott's a common enough name isn't it? And she can't have known him as William because he used to be Herbert W. Scott, and only dropped the Herbert a few years ago."

"He had a nice alibi," Owen said.

"Very nice. He took two sleepers on the express for two succeeding nights, one in his clerk's name, one in his own. This morning when I checked up on his movements, before I had any suspicion of him, it all looked quite in order. Mr. William Scott had travelled on the express leaving Melbourne on October the 1st, so the railway list showed."

"Miss Ashworth must have seen him step off that train this morning, looking as though he'd spent the night on it. But he'd only travelled from the far end of the platform; been hidden there before she ever got to the station, and hopped on to the moving train, the way people do. What he'd done was to change arrangements with his clerk at the last moment and travel himself the previous night."

"When he arrived in Sydney on the morning of the 1st he went to

some little pub and parked his luggage at the railway cloak-room. That's why Pike got it in the neck. He seems to have seen the date on the cloak-room ticket somehow. Don't quite know how."

"I do," Leith said. "While Scott was changing this afternoon Pike took some laundry into the bathroom. Probably took a peek into Scott's wallet then."

"That'll be it. He was a noisy little bloke. When you drew his attention in the office to the day being the second of the month, it must have struck him all of a sudden: How could Scott have parked his luggage yesterday, the 1st, when he wasn't supposed to have arrived in Sydney before this morning, the 2nd? On the roof he said to me that it was like the clue to a famous murder case in England, and now I know he meant the Crumbles case where a cloak-room ticket gave the bloke away."

Leith asked: "How did Scott know the game was up?"

"He got a telephone call this evening, over in his flat, when he took his wife back because of the way she carried on. The call was from his clerk. Manning had just seen him. So he knew his alibi was bust, and took the easiest way out. He knew one of you boys had a service revolver."

"Meanwhile," Nora said, "you've been suspecting Bob or Leith all day."

Grogan smiled: "Not Mr. Henderson, I haven't. Not after I ran upstairs this morning behind someone whistling a very tricky tune."

"A tune?" Nora repeated. "What had a tune got to do with it?"

"Well, you see, Miss Russell, I'm a radio listener, when I've got the time. Last night, just before the station closed down at eleven-thirty, I happened to be listening. They were playing an old Russian folk song. First time it'd been put over, they said. That was the tune that Yates was whistling as he was going up the stairs this morning, and I knew it had stuck in his head from the radio last night, like it had in mine."

"He said he was at home in bed at that hour, but I tested out that you can't hear outside radios from that flat. He must have heard it over at Miss Breen's. He was the Digger in the doorway last night. I knew Mr. Henderson was clear after that."

Nora said, slipping her hand into Leith's: "I knew he was clear all along."

"With only love as her means of detection," Marjorie laughed.

And Owen said, half-teasing, half in earnest: "Only the thing that's surer and swifter than a whole homicide squad—a woman's intuition."

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Movie World

● GREER GARSON. The nickname of "Ginger" for obvious reasons was a childhood tragedy to the lovely Irish-born star, who says now that she refused to answer to it. Fashion experts advise her to dress in red to match her much-admired titian

hair, but her favorite colors are blue and jade-green. Recently she has been holidaying with her husband, Richard Ney, following his discharge from the Navy. Her newest film is "Adventure," a drama in which she co-stars for MGM with Clark Gable.

Kidneys Must Remove Excess Acids

Help 15 MILES of Kidney Tubes
Eliminate Poisonous Waste

If your kidneys are not working properly, the kidney tubes and filters become clogged with poisonous waste, and the danger of acid poisoning is greatly increased. This acid condition is a danger signal, and may be the beginning of nagging back-aches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains, and dizziness.

There are scores of people who drag out a miserable existence without realising the cause of their suffering. Perhaps their kidneys have fallen behind in their work of filtering the blood, and that may be the root of the trouble. Look to your kidneys; assist them in their work; give them the help they need.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS and successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief, and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist or store.

GIVE BABY LOVELY CURLS with Curlypet



Two generations of mothers have used Curlypet to curl and beautify their babies' hair, like this mother, who says: "You can see from the photo that baby's hair was quite straight at 23 months, but now she has a head of lovely soft, silky curls that everyone admires." If you would like your baby's hair to grow beautifully curly, start rubbing Curlypet into baby's hair each morning.

Get a tube of Curlypet from your nearest Chemist or Store for 3/6, containing enough for a month's treatment and including full directions for use. If you are far from a Chemist or Store send postal note or stamps for 3/6 to Curlypet, Box 4135, G.P.O. Sydney, and your Curlypet will reach you by return mail. Remember the name.

CURLYPET

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/6 stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.I. 70822.

Every Woman!

Coverspot
Conceals Blemishes!

Fantasy tale of twins...



1 **IRRESPONSIBLE** clever night-club singer Buzzy Bellew (Kaye) is engaged to his dancing partner, Midge Miller (Vera Ellen), and they plan wedding.

2 **BEFORE** his wedding, Buzzy tells manager (Woods) he is to testify in a gangster's trial.



4 **BEWILDERED** by his task, Edwin has to appear at the theatre and impersonate Buzzy. His clumsy efforts to entertain are taken to be a kind of comic act. He is chased by the gangsters, who think he is Buzzy, and disguises himself as an opera singer in an attempt to escape.



3 **STUDIOUS** EDWIN (Kaye), Buzzy's twin, admires librarian Ellen (Mayol). Buzzy is murdered by gangsters, but his spirit tells Edwin to replace him.



5 **DETERMINED** to finalise matters, desperate Edwin reaches the police and convinces them of his identity. He helps them capture the chief gangster.

DUAL ROLE IN MUSICAL FOR COMEDY STAR

IN his second starring picture, "The Wonder Man" for RKO, lanky comedian dancer Danny Kaye, playing a dual role, does his famous stage number, "Ochi Tcherniya," which was written by his wife, Sylvia Fine. It is a burlesque of a Russian baritone allergic to flowers, who tries to sing while he sneezes on a stage covered with floral pieces. The technicolor film has lavish songs and dance settings.

THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

Simple High Blood Pressure
quickly responds to
treatment by medicine.
This interesting diagnosis
applies to you if you have
High Blood Pressure or any
of the symptoms which may
denote its presence.



Doctor: (Examining Patient): "How long have you been having these throbbing headaches?"
Patient: "Some months now, Doctor. Lately I get very tired, too."
Doctor: "Do you get dizzy turns—feel the blood surge to your head when you sleep down?"
Patient: "Yes. When I stand up after bending down quickly I feel I want to catch hold of something for support."
Doctor: "Do you find it necessary to 'get up' out of bed during the night?"
Patient: "Yes, Doctor, that's becoming a habit lately, and, in fact, it worries me frequently during the daytime, too."
Doctor: "Have you had that pain around your heart very long?"
Patient: "Yes. It wasn't very much at first, but now I get palpitation pretty badly at times."
Doctor: "Roll up your sleeve. I'll take your Blood Pressure."
Patient: "But if it had to do with Blood Pressure wouldn't I get some indication of it?"
Doctor: "Seems to me there are plenty of indications which are not obvious to you. Persistent headaches, palpitation, flushes, falling sight and bladder weakness all indicate High Blood Pressure."
Patient: "But, Doctor, just what causes High Blood Pressure?"
Doctor: "High Blood Pressure is caused by toxins (poisons) in your blood stream. When you get run down for any reason, these toxins accumulate in your blood, causing congestion, so High Blood Pressure starts. One thing leads to another: when your Blood Pressure is too high this congestion causes Kidney Trouble and the other symptoms I mentioned. These in turn lead to Rheumatism and similar troubles."
Patient: "Then to be really well you must keep your Blood Pressure at normal?"
Doctor: "Precisely. As the great physician, William Osler, has said, 'A man's life depends on his arteries—on his Blood Pressure.'"

However, don't fear High Blood Pressure, because simple High Blood Pressure can now be easily remedied by Dr. Mackenzie's Menthols.

If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthols from your nearest Chemist or Store and begin the Menthoid treatment right away. A pure herbal remedy, Menthols can only do you good. They may be taken with safety by even the most delicate patients.

Get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthols from your nearest Chemist or Store. Large flasks are 6/6, small flasks 3/6—

M56A



6 **SATISFIED** at last, Buzzy's spirit departs and Edwin is left peacefully at his work with Ellen.

fortuna
1 cloth

INDIGESTION GONE

.... YOU
could eat this

You must eat, and there's no reason why every meal should not be a pleasure. But if you pay for it afterwards with flatulence, heartburn, pain or discomfort ... if the food you like best hurts most, and if the things you do eat still make you suffer ... no wonder you dread the very thought of eating!

When indigestion troubles you like that life is a burden. But you can get relief—not by starving yourself, but by taking De Witt's Antacid Powder. This wonderfully effective remedy neutralises excess stomach acidity so quickly that even the first dose gives relief. But De Witt's Antacid Powder does MORE. It soothes and protects the inflamed lining of your stomach, so that your next meal will not further distress an already over-burdened digestion. Your stomach—soothed, sweetened and protected by De Witt's Antacid Powder—will be far better able to cope with what you eat. You will have proof of it—the one kind of proof you want—relief from



the pain and discomfort of indigestion. So if the food you fancy is the food you are afraid of ... if from time to time, you are troubled by temporary digestive upsets, try De Witt's Antacid Powder. It has relieved others. It will surely relieve you. Get the large canister from your chemist to-day!

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in large sky-blue canister, price 2/6.

Neutralises acid
Soothes the stomach
Relieves pain



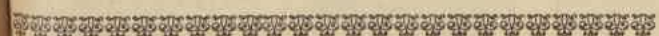


SHORTAGE of materials has not prevented London's milliners from producing delightful hats for evening wear. The Associated Millinery Designers of London are putting Britain on the millinery map of the world. Formed together in a group, they are co-operating to further British export trade. The improvement of style and design is a determination to make women more hat conscious.

At all the postwar dress shows hats are being worn with dinner dresses, long and short—six o'clock hats which give a woman that certain something of self-confidence that makes her meet the evening at her prettiest and wittiest. One of these is reproduced on our cover this week. Here are others equally charming.



- Swirl of petunia silk draped on a folded moss-green felt and cunningly trimmed with parma violets and floating moss-green veiling. A dream with a plain black frock. (Top left.)
- Parma violet lace covers this feminine cyclamen felt hat with its fluting of tulle between its double brim. (Centre top.)
- Nodding ostrich feathers in clever shades of midnight-blue and petunia above the rolled brim of emerald velvet trimmed with shaded cyclamen veiling. (Top right.)
- Femme fatale when she wears this lovely hat of black felt trimmed with massed blue tulle and blossom. (Centre.)
- Paradise plumes trim this fetching cocktail hat of delphinium-blue tulle. (Second from bottom.)
- Birds of a feather in black, pink, and chartreuse perch on this apple-green beret model. (Bottom.)



SISTER MacDONALD

who has had many years' experience with Infant Welfare Centres . . .

says:—



She says:—

"VEGEMITE is most essential"

"In modern Baby Health care," says Sister Macdonald, "a supply of vitamins is essential, one of the most important being Vitamin B, which is found in delicious Vegemite."

"Naturally, we need all the Vegemite we can get—and, furthermore, the future of our Babies' Health

depends on obtaining an adequate supply of Vitamin B, of which Vegemite is a most valuable source." If you sometimes find Vegemite hard to get, then remember Infant Welfare Centres, Invalids and Convalescents and Military Hospitals need it so much. Vegemite is the best product of its kind in all Australia.



- ★ Richer in Vitamin B1 (Aneurin).
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin).
- ★ Richer in the anti-pellagric factor (Niacin).
- ★ Tastier and costs less.

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— a little does a power of good.

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HEENZO makes ONE PINT of best family cough and 'flu remedy. Costs only 2/- and SAVES £'s.

For the low cost of two shillings you make ONE PINT of the best family remedy for quickly curing coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, sore throats and influenza by simply adding a bottle of concentrated HEENZO to sweetened water.

HEENZO is very nice to take, is quick acting and equally good and safe for adults and children, because it does NOT contain any poisons or harsh drugs.

Thrift is a sign of wisdom, that is why wise parents everywhere save money by using HEENZO, the family cough remedy.

All leading chemists and stores in Australia again have stocks, and will gladly sell you the money saving—quick acting and nice to take—Heenzo Cough Remedy.

HEENZO COUGH REMEDY

HEENZO-HEENZO-HEENZO-HEENZO

Sand, sea styles for longish hair



WOUND ON WOOL. This smooth, neat head is achieved with the aid of a skein of wool and almost any length hair. Simply twine up your wool and lay it round your head like a coronet. Then fold up your hair and turn it into the woollen band. You will get the hair higher off your neck if you part all the way down the centre back, and lift the back pieces high up on each side before tucking them over the wool.



ROLL-UP TOP. For the round or oval face, here is a smooth, neat style for disposing of a long bob. Divide the hair in half by a centre parting from front to back. Then take each piece and twist it into a rope very high on the crown. Fold the coils over to the centre, catching the tips together with a bow on top of your head. The coils will form a halo set far back. If your hair is very thick and heavy, plait it instead of twisting, and pin it securely. Like the idea?



REGENCY BANDEAU. This is an old-fashioned style that has become new fashion for longish hair. All the hair is brushed up smoothly, tips twined into curls on the very top of your head (pins will keep them there). Then a ribbon is tied round above ears with a bow in front or a little to one side; soft, curly tips allowed to tumble over ribbon.



BACK TO PIGTAILS. For those of you with a cute little-girl face, here's a charming style. Simply part hair in centre or side, taking a centre parting right down the back to the nape. Catch sides back with a pert bow near each temple. Then plait your hair into two Gretchen pigtails and tie ends with two more bows. If hair is long enough, loop plaits.



It's in simple crochet . . .

Necklace or garland for your hair

MATERIALS: 1 ball (10 or 20 gram) of three contrasting colors and 1 ball (10 or 20 gram) of green Coats' Mercer-Crochet No. 60; No. 5 steel crochet hook (slack workers could use No. 5½ hook and tight workers No. 4½).

Tension: 1 star, 1 in. in diameter approx.

Abbreviations: Ch, chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble.

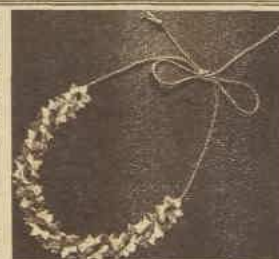
Use each of the four shades alternately for stars.

FIRST STAR

Commence with 24 ch. join with sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into same place as last sl-st., 1 d.c. into each of the following ch., join with sl-st. to first d.c.

2nd Row: * 4 ch., 1 tr. into same place as last sl-st., leaving last loop on hook, 1 tr. into each of next 3 d.c., leaving last loop of each on hook, thread over and pull through all loops at once, 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of cluster, 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into same place as last tr. of cluster was worked, 1 sl-st. into next d.c.; repeat from * all round. Fasten off.



LOOKS like a lot of lovely, colorful petals, strung together—this crochet necklace or garland for your hair. Make a few and give for Christmas.

SECOND STAR

Commence with 24 ch., pass through centre of first star before joining to form a ring, cont. as first star.

Make 19 more stars, joining each one to previous one as second was joined to first.

Arrange in a semi-circle, sewing each star to previous star. With green make two twisted cords, and sew one at each side. Tie at centre back. Damp and press.



I CAN'T HELP MY UGLY LOOKS! GRITTY CLEANSERS THAT SCRAPE THINGS CLEAN RUIN PRECIOUS POTS AND PANS IN NO TIME



Clean Smoothly with

VIM

—NEVER SCRATCHES

YOU'D NEVER GUESS MY REAL AGE 'CAUSE SMOOTH CLEANING WITH VIM'S FINE SOAP-COATED PARTICLES KEEPS ME NEW-LOOKING!



Evan Williams
shampoo
PROTECTS.
PRESERVES.
BEAUTIFIES.



FRONT VIEW of the snappy little hat swathed in veiling; wear it at an angle to suit yourself.

SMART HAT to make for CHRISTMAS

Just the hat for those swish little luncheons, for dinner or tea parties; charming, decorative, for that very special pre-Christmas cocktail affair.

THE hat pictured above was made from grosgrain but you can use taffeta or velvet, or satin.

A snappy affair could be made from check gingham, red-and-white or blue-and-white, or a combination of the two to wear with a plain



ANOTHER VIEW; it looks a costly hat—would be if you had to buy it, but it's easy to make.

cotton for midsummer smartness. No veiling, of course, with gingham. Here are the directions. Follow carefully, and you'll turn out a hat with quite a professional air to it:

Materials: 1 yd. grosgrain, 1 yds. veiling, 1 large pearl hatpin, 1 yd. petersham ribbon, 1 yd. marlinette or buckram, a piece of fine wire, a long straw needle.

For the foundation, cut a circle of marlinette 6 inches in diameter, as shown in diagram B. Now mark off 2 in. on centre back, and cut a V-shape into centre, as shown in diagram C.

Overlap one inch, pin, and sew up. Then sew wire around. This foundation has a pointed centre. Remove this by ironing on a round object.

The next step is to mark off the yard of 18-inch wide material, as shown in diagram A, and cut accordingly.

You will note that the 5-inch strip for headband or bandeau, and the

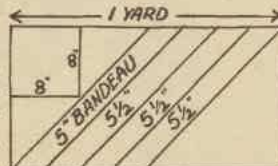


DIAGRAM A. Showing you how to cut required material from 1 yd. of 18-inch wide grosgrain or other fabric.

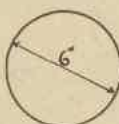


Diagram B.

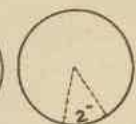


Diagram C.

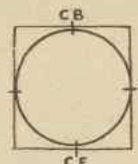


Diagram D.

three 5 1/2 in. strips for the ruffles are cut on the cross, and the 8-inch square is for covering the foundation.

You cover the marlinette foundation by pinning the 8 in. square of grosgrain firmly across from centre front to centre back, and from side to side, as shown in diagram D.

After stretching across and pinning, tack around, leaving 1 inch to extend underneath. Cut off the corners and neaten. Catch up on to foundation, using a criss-cross stitch.

As stated, the ruffled pieces measure 5 1/2 in., and are cut on the cross of material. Press each along one edge of material with iron, turning in about 1 in. Place two edges together, the raw edge being hidden at the back. Using double thread, gather each strip all the way along. Draw up very tightly (see diagram E), and knot off work. They are then placed on top in semi-circles in rotation, the last one being almost a circle. Using a sewing-machine, make the bandeau, leaving good turnings (a narrower band may be made if wished). Sew on to hat at head size.

Complete the hat by sewing petersham ribbon inside to conceal stitches.

Arrange veiling around underneath the top trim. Place the pearl hatpin under top trim, as shown in photograph.

For a fuller face needing more breadth, the ruffles can be made 6 1/2 in. wide; 1 yds. of material would be sufficient.



Diagram E.



BLONDE hair is radiant—distinctive!

Few girls enjoy the advantage of blonde hair. And it is an advantage. For blonde hair is radiantly distinctive. It spells personality and charm. It lifts you out of the crowd and gives you extra attractiveness.

Never sacrifice this—your natural advantage. Never let your blonde hair darken. Keep it fair always with Stablond. If your hair has darkened try Stablond and you will make this amazing discovery . . . that only

Stablond can bring back that lovely 'lighter' colour to darkened blonde hair. Then that glistening glamorous lustre that means extra fascination and beauty comes back.

For Stablond is made specially for blondes. It succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail.

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

Romany Tan



by Cyclax

The loveliest of all Summer Make-up. Rich warmth . . . a flattering glow on lip and cheek . . . the veriest "Kiss of the Sun."

- Face Powder 5/6 • Lipstick 8/3
- Day Lotion 7/2 • Lipstick Refill 5/-
- Rouge 5/6

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WE ARE ALSO LEADING SPECIALISTS IN MATERNITY, POST-MATERNITY, AND SURGICAL CORSETRY.

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S. Parker Wood, Sydney.
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Pack a Basket

● And take it down to the sea . . . or into the bush . . . or on to the road, winding you know not where.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's Weekly

IF you are going on foot, make it light and easy to carry. Even for family parties don't take too much food . . . calculate appetites, plan definite times for serving picnic meals.

Keep in mind, of course, that fresh air does sharpen appetites. Pack satisfying food such as cornish pasties, vegetable pies, meat croquettes, cold crumbed cutlets, crumbed slices of beef or veal.

Avoid over-salty or thirst-provoking foods . . . no salted fish in the salads, sandwiches, or pies.

Pack a knife and a corkscrew. Pack cups, but cut down on plates and forks and plan for finger service.

Pack as much fruit as the budget will allow.

PICNIC SALAD SCONES

(Make them whopper ones, slice into 2 or 3 layers, and sandwich together with salad fillings.)

One pound wholemeal flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 or 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and pepper, tipping back roughage. Rub in butter, add onion, and mix to a very soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to lightly floured board. Knead lightly and roll to about 2in. thickness. Cut into large wedge shapes, rounds or squares. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for about 20 minutes. Pack freshly made, but cold, sliced into 2 or 3 layers, and filled with salad.

Suggested Fillings: Chopped egg, celery, and parsley bound with white sauce or mayonnaise; layer of minced meat bound with salad dressing and a layer of finely shredded lettuce seasoned with onion; grated apple and cheese seasoned with celery salt and the whole served in a lettuce wrapping.

WHOLEMEAL DATE LOAF

(Slice it and try it for cream cheese sandwiches, peanut butter sandwiches, grated apple and celery sandwiches.)

Two cups wholemeal flour, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup chopped stoned dates, 2 cups milk, 1 cup treacle.

Sift flour, salt, and soda, tipping back roughage. Add sugar and dates. Stir to a soft mixture with milk and treacle. Bake in two greased barmans in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 40 minutes.

LEMON SNOW CAKE

(Pick it in its slab-tilt . . . the lemon flavor is a hot-day favorite.)

Six ounces shortening, 8oz. castor sugar, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 eggs, 12oz. flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, lemon icing, grated coconut or finely chopped nuts.

Cream shortening, sugar, lemon rind and juice. Beat in egg-yolks, and then add sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with

milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into a 10-inch square slab-tilt or into 2 sandwich-tins (8-inch), and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 45 to 50 minutes. When cold, frost with lemon icing and sprinkle with coconut or chopped nuts.

SUMMER FRUIT DRINKS

(Bottle for picnics and dilute to taste . . . there's sure to be water nearby.)

One pound peaches, apricots, cherries, gooseberries, plums, or blackberries, few crushed kernels, 1lb. sugar, 2 pints water.

Slice or crush the fruit, add the sugar and kernels. Add water, and bring to boil. Stand about 8 hours, and strain. Delicious drink served iced. A few drops of almond essence or 2 tablespoons brandy or liqueur may be added.

BIRTHDAY PARTY at the beach for Lois . . . whopper salad sandwiches, cookies, and fruit for lunch . . . guest Joan is hungry.

SALAD HAMBURGERS

(Will satisfy picnic appetites . . . make plenty.)

One dessertspoon dripping, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon flour, 3 tablespoons gravy or stock, 2 cups minced cooked meat, 1 cup mashed potato, pepper and salt to taste, 1 egg beaten with 1 tablespoon water, breadcrumbs.

Heat fat in pan, add onion, and cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in parsley and then flour, stock, meat, and potato. Season to taste. Cool and shape into flat cakes. Dip in egg and then in crumbs. Deep-fry in fuming fat to golden brown. When cold they're served with salad greens and dressing.

SPICY BROWN COOKIES

(For in-between snacks . . . you can never make too many.)

Three cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 cup shortening (dripping is satisfactory), 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup treacle, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice or vinegar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups mixed fruit (if fruit is dry, plump with 1 cup boiling water).

Sift flour, soda, salt, ginger, spice. Cream shortening and sugar and beat in treacle and beaten egg. Gradually stir in flour and then mixed fruit. Drop from teaspoon on to a greased baking tray and bake in moderately hot oven (375deg. F.) about 10 minutes.

FARMHOUSE VEGETABLE SLICE
(Cut in great wedges, forget about plates and forks.)

One cup wholemeal flour, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup good dripping, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup water, 3 cups diced cooked vegetables (potatoes, celery, squash, parsnip, beans), 1 cup white or brown sauce, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Mix flours, rub in dripping, add cheese and seasoning, and mix to a dry dough with cold water. Line a large sandwich-tin with pastry. Fill with mixed vegetable, sauce and parsley. Cover with pastry. Glaze with milk or beaten egg. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, and cook further 10 minutes. Serve cold in wedges with salad vegetables.



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How to S-T-R-E-T-C-H

your meat ration

—by Elizabeth Cooke
No. 43



Macaroni has a change of face

If you know what's good, there's no need to tell you that

where there's macaroni there's cheese. But if you thought it was the oven that brought out the golden goodness in macaroni cheese, you're in for a pleasant surprise. Combine those two inseparable with peas, carrot, and onion... loss in salad dressing... and presto! You've got a combination that brings something different in the way of flavour and goodness to your salad-a-day.

MACARONI SALAD

1 cup Cold Cooked Macaroni; 1 cup Cooked Green Peas; 4oz. Kraft Cheese; 1 small Carrot; 1 tablespoon Minced Onion; Lettuce, Salad Dressing.

Mix the Macaroni, Peas, Cheese diced, and onion together. Bind with Salad Dressing and Season to taste with Salt and Pepper. Arrange in individual serves on crisp leaves and garnish with a little Grated Carrot and Parsley.

When boiling split pea soup, add a slice of bread to prevent the peas from sinking to the bottom of the saucepan.

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TRAY BREAKFAST is a soothing start for those who are anti-social before 9 a.m. Here is a tray of fish cakes, toast, and marmalade and tea, complete with meal accessories.

Five prize desserts

Each one of these sweets is a delectable dish to pair with a salad or light summer entree. Each recipe wins a cash prize for a reader.

SEND in recipes to suit the season. Send in special occasion extravaganzas sometimes, budget stretchers always.

Share the recipe for the cake that made a hit at your last party, for the casserole concoction the family liked so much, for the sweet that looks pretty and tastes better.

WATERMELON MASQUERADE

One pint red jelly, 2 egg-whites, 3 juicy passionfruit, 1 pint thick custard, 1 pint green jelly. Make red jelly, and when beginning to set whisk in stiffly beaten egg-whites and the passionfruit pulp. Pour into large mould and allow to set. Pour on to this the cold custard sauce and chill until firm and then pour on the green jelly. Chill thoroughly, turn out, and serve in wedge-shaped slices. For eight.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Laby, 33 Wentworth Rd., Homebush, N.S.W.

MULBERRY PIE

Three level tablespoons shortening, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, 2 cups flour, 2 level teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon baking soda, about 2 cups stewed mulberries.

Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in egg and then milk and sifted flour and raising powders. Line a plate with half the mixture. Cover with stewed mulberries and top with remaining flour mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. K. Lawler, Greymare, via Warwick, Qld.

MINCE MERINGUE TARTS

CRUST: Four ounces shortening, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 4oz. plain flour, 3oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

FILLING: One cup sultanas, 1 cup currants, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

MERINGUE: Two egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar, nutmeg or spice. Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in the egg-yolk and add the sifted flour and baking powder, moistening, if necessary, with a spoonful of water. Roll out thinly, cut into circles, and line patty-tins. Wash

fruit and add lemon juice and spoon into patties. Whisk egg-whites gradually adding sugar and spoon on to fruit mince. Dust with nutmeg or spice. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) about 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 38 Winifred St., Adelaide.

CHRISTMAS APPLE-TART

CRUST: Three ounces plain flour, 3oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. butter or lard (or half each), 2 egg-yolks.

FILLING: Two cups stewed apples, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

MERINGUE: Two egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Sift flour and baking powder. Rub in fat and add beaten yolks, mixing to a dry dough. Roll out and line a tart-dish. Trim edges, glaze with sugar and water, and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) until crisp and brown. Fill with fruit and spice mixture. Top with egg-whites whisked with sugar, and lightly brown and crisp in a slow oven. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Trenouth, 81 Ridley Grove, Woodville Gardens, S.A.

BANANA CREAM SPONGE

For Cake: Two eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 cup cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice.

Topping: One dessertspoon cornflour, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 bananas. Separate egg-yolks and whites. Beat whites with 1 cup sugar. Beat yolks with remaining sugar; add lemon juice and then egg-white mixture. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Four into greased and floured recess cake-tin, and bake in a moderate oven for 20 to 30 minutes.

Blend cornflour with a little milk and put remainder on to boil. Cream butter and sugar and add to boiling milk. Take off stove and add blended cornflour, stirring well. Simmer 3 minutes, stirring. Allow to become cold, beating well. Slice bananas into recess of cooled cake. Top with creamy mixture. May be sprinkled with chopped nuts or cornflakes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss H. Stewart Croker, 38 Bath St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

DON'T throw empty lipstick containers away. Save them. They're handy for carrying straight pins, needles, and aspirin tablets in your purse.

GREAT aids for the cleaning and polishing of silverware are discarded powder-puffs. Keep them washed.

STUBBORN caps on nail-polish bottles can easily be removed if you run hot water over them for a few minutes.

YOU'LL obtain a really fine sparkle if you scrub your fine crystal and cut glass with a small brush that has been dipped in lemon juice.

"CLOTHES COUPONS TO SPARE"

says
Aunt Jenny

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SUDS MEAN NO HARD
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IT LOOKS LIKE NEW

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SHE HAS
COUPONS
TO SPARE

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makes linens last longer

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➡ Look for this label on every towel.

